

# The Outlook

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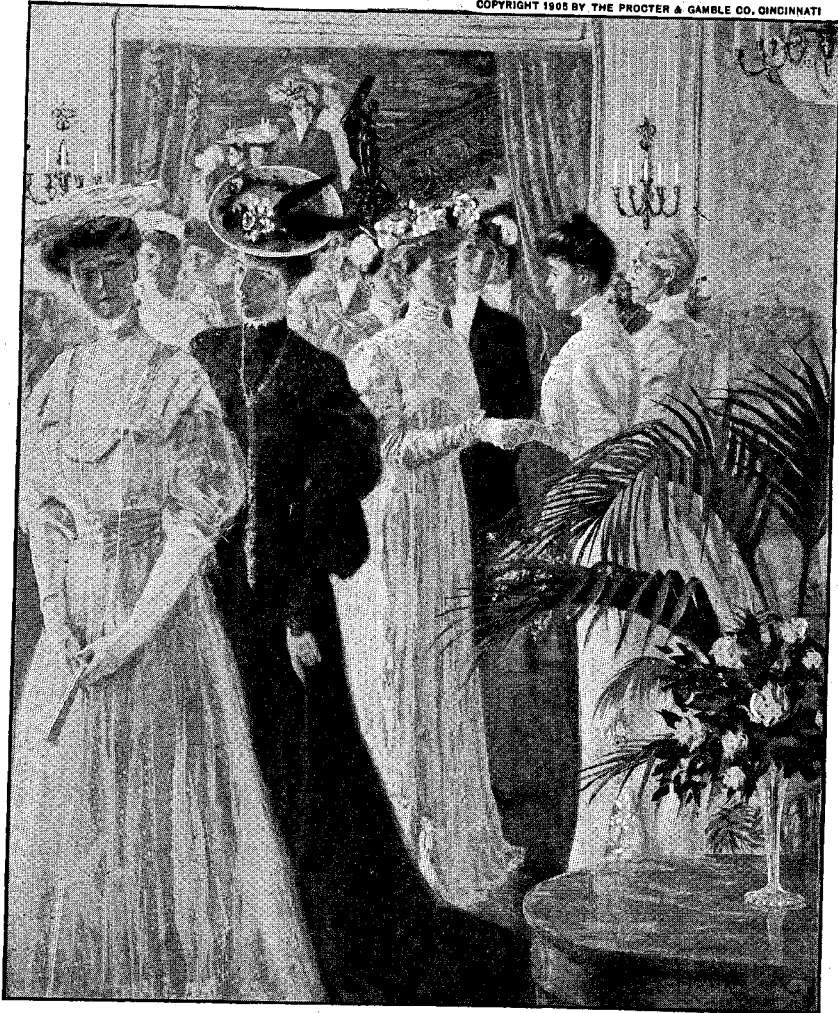
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There are, perhaps, half a dozen times in a woman's life when she is particularly anxious to look particularly well.

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# The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905

## Insurance Financiering Defended

The testimony of last week before the New York Legislative Committee by such officials of the great insurance companies as Mr. Cromwell, the Treasurer of the Mutual Life, and Mr. Perkins, of the New York Life, was of the highest importance, not only in showing the relations of the great companies to syndicate operations, joint accounts, and subsidiary trust companies, but also because this evidence disclosed the attitude taken by insurance companies, which handle in the aggregate many hundreds of millions of dollars of trust funds, towards their duty to the public and their policy-holders. Without attempting to examine in detail the intricacies of the involved operations described by these witnesses, this may be stated as their main contention: Insurance companies have evolved from the early stage when they offered merely life insurance to a stage where they solicit money for investment and thus accumulate enormous sums which, as they allege, can be profitably managed only by the companies' engaging in the vast financial schemes, such as the flotation of large loans on the market, made possible by the modern system of co-operation in finance which, as Mr. Perkins declares, has taken the place of the old system of competition. It would be a perfectly simple thing for an insurance company dealing with thousands of stockholders to calculate very closely what money it would need to pay off policies as deaths occur; the life tables used by actuaries are now based on long experience and an immense number of individual facts bearing on vital statistics, and the percentage of payments for losses to receipts from premiums varies little from year to year in these large companies. It is totally unnecessary,

therefore, for a company to keep two or three hundred millions of dollars as surplus if the payment of insurance claims, strictly speaking, is alone considered. But far the largest part of the money paid by policy-holders nowadays is not for insurance but for investment. The Mutual Life, for instance, is now widely advertising under the catchword "Make the Mutual Life your Savings Bank." Whether this turning of insurance companies into savings banks is or is not right in principle, it is clear that, if an insurance company is to be a savings bank, it should be subject to the restrictions and limitations as to investment placed upon savings banks. It seems more than probable that legislation in this direction will be recommended by this Committee. Again, it appears from the evidence that all the great insurance companies have taken part in syndicate operations and joint accounts in which these companies have acted, for their own interest to be sure, but also for the special interest of the syndicate or the partner in the joint account, on the avowed ground that to make these outside corporations or individuals richer will inure ultimately to the benefit of the insurance companies. The officers of the New York Life and the Mutual Life maintain with apparent sincerity and earnestness that these things are necessary because, under modern financial conditions, the investment of hundreds of millions cannot be safely carried out by direct operations with brokers. They maintain also that as individuals they do not mean to profit by these syndicate operations, although it is admitted that sometimes they have incidentally done so. Mr. Cromwell, for instance, evidently regarded the sum of \$26,000 which had accrued to him in a few years in this way as trivial and incidental.



### Insurance Financiering Criticised

We do not question the honor of either Mr. Cromwell or Mr. Perkins, and we can understand how the practice which they defend has insensibly grown up. But as a practice it cannot on principle be defended. When the same men have controlling influence as officers and directors in an insurance company and also as members of a syndicate which sells to that company, they are legally and in fact lenders and borrowers in the same transaction. If such a state of things is allowed, there must be danger of underhand practices and the taking of personal profit in dealing with trust funds. To prove this one need only remember the disclosures respecting the Equitable, and need not even insist that the same thing has been shown in the case of the New York Life and the Mutual. Mr. George W. Perkins is doubtless perfectly honest in believing that he can be an official of the New York Life who aids in deciding what investments shall be made and at the same time a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., which wishes to sell securities to the New York Life; he testifies that he carefully calculates his share of personal profit as a partner in the Morgan firm from transactions with the New York Life, and pays it back into the treasury of the New York Life; he testifies also that his motive in advising the unfortunate investment of the insurance company in the International Marine Syndicate flotation was single in the interest of the New York Life. But, fully accepting his assertion of scrupulousness, it is evident that such a temptation to double dealing (that is, dealing at the same time with double interests naturally opposed) ought not to be put in the way of financiers generally. Neither should corporations which are trustees for many thousands of poor people be permitted to carry on secret and blind accounts through which large payments may be ordered by the President of the company with absolutely not a line on the official books of the company to explain its purpose. This was admittedly done by the New York Life, and appears to be the same kind of transaction that was

involved in the famous Equitable Life account of \$685,000 which President Morton rightly refused to recognize because it was not on the books. Probably the item of evidence last week which excited the most attention was such a semi-concealed payment of a sum amounting to nearly \$50,000 by the New York Life, which it was impossible to explain from the books, but which Mr. Perkins promptly and frankly declared was a payment to the Republican National Committee in the last Presidential election. An equal amount had been paid in each of the two previous Presidential elections, and Mr. Perkins justified those payments by declaring that in the McKinley campaigns, at least, in the judgment of the New York Life's directors, the financial interests of the company and of their policy-holders were at stake. At the same time he declared that the practice of payments for political campaigns by insurance companies was bad and should be prohibited by law. In our judgment, such a law should apply not merely to insurance companies but to all corporations. Another secret payment of \$100,000 is under investigation as we write, and is by some newspapers alleged to have been used at Albany to influence legislation. Whether this is so or not, and whether political contributions by insurance companies are justifiable or not, one thing is incontrovertible—namely, that what these saving and investment institutions (for such they really are) may do or may not do should be definitely fixed by law, and that their books and accounts should be complete, intelligible, and open to inspection.



### Anti-Tammany Weakness

The favorite pun in the New York press last week consisted in a play on the words "fusion" and "confusion." The three ingredients in the anti-Tammany mixture have refused to unite, and the Citizens' Union has withdrawn from conference with the other two bodies. It was not a very congenial assemblage at the best—a National party machine, a group of not widely trusted radicals under thoroughly distrusted leadership, and an organization of professedly dis-



interested citizens. The reason which the Citizens' Union gave for withdrawal was that the other bodies were unnecessarily causing delay in the search for a candidate. The Republicans think they have discovered other and more compelling reasons for the secession. In short, each side seems at present occupied in ascribing to others the cause of the present weakness. There is very little evidence that in the anti-Tammany forces there is either strength, courage, or prevailing conviction. Whether it is wholesome or not, it is a fact that a political contest is not unlike war. The fatal defect in a political body, like the fatal defect in an army, is weakness. Unless the forces which are opposed to Tammany become not only stronger but also more efficiently directed than they are now, they will be ill prepared for the battle in November. For some reason the people of New York are strangely blind to the portentous result which hangs upon the issue of that battle. Under the coming administration the great network of new subways, which The Outlook has already described in its issue for August 12, will be begun, and the question of granting new franchises for lighting the city must be decided. In other words, the people will have to depend upon the next municipal government to determine the conditions under which they will for a generation have transportation and illumination. It is significant that the moneyed interests which at present control these necessities of the people are altogether content to see disorder in the ranks of the anti-Tammany forces.

#### A Liar Posted

The "Petit Parisien" of Paris printed a pseudo interview of one of its correspondents, which was promptly cabled back to America, in which the President was represented as saying something about the Russo-Japanese war and the peace of Portsmouth which it would certainly have been very undiplomatic for him to say. The reported interview was signed by the name Legadère; the only correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" whom the President saw was M. Gaston Richard. On the day when the reported interview

appeared in the American newspapers the following caustic and characteristic telegram was sent to M. Richard from the President's private secretary:

*Gaston Richard, Hotel Lafayette, New York, N. Y.:*

The President directs me to say to you that the alleged interview with him published in this morning's papers is not only an absolute fabrication, wholly without basis of truth, but that your conduct in obtaining permission to see him under false pretenses is thoroughly dishonorable.

When you came to see the President you informed him that you were the grandson of Marshal Augereau; that you had been at the Battle of Mukden with the Russian army and with the Japanese army afterward; that you understood thoroughly that you could have no interview of any kind, and that you simply wished to pay respects to him. Under these circumstances the President received you and listened to your account of your experiences with the Japanese and Russians, and spoke to you also of the deeds of Marshal Augereau and of Napoleon's other generals.

The President had no conversation with you about the terms of peace, and your account of your alleged interview with him is a fabrication from beginning to end, without any foundation in fact, and both your untruthfulness and your obtaining permission to see him under false pretenses the President considers highly dishonorable.

WILLIAM LOEB, Jr., Secretary.



#### Honesty in Journalism

This incident suggests four reflections. (1) A liar is no less a liar because he prints his lie in a newspaper. Of all liars, we are inclined to think that the liar for hire is the most despicable. He ought to be dubbed a liar and excluded from the society of all honorable men. And the journal which wittingly and habitually prints lies ought to be excluded from all honorable homes. If the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as a thief, the willing listener to lies is an accessory of the liar. (2) Lying as a fine art is not confined to American newspapers; the patronizing of liars is not confined to American society. Mr. Witte suffered from lying reports of interviews in the Russian press. Baron Komura is suffering now from malicious partisan liars in the Japanese press. The false interview in the "Petit Parisien" is not the first instance of the kind in the Parisian press. There are simi-

lar chronic offenders in England and Germany. (3) The careless reader in the presence of such an incident as this is apt to say in his haste that 'all reporters are liars. This is not true. To read with credence all journals is indiscriminating. To condemn all journals as unworthy of reading is equally indiscriminating. Sir Donald Wallace's "Russia" is to-day the first authority on Russia; and Sir Donald Wallace is a newspaper correspondent. So is Professor Dillon, whose articles on Russian life in the English reviews have attracted such wide and deserved attention. So is George Kennan, whose painstaking investigation would have given him a high place among scientists if he had devoted his life to science, and whose judicial temper would have entitled him to a place on the bench had he been trained for the bar. The writing of contemporaneous history is a very difficult task, and the men who achieve success in this art are not to be confounded with the mere gossipmongers, still less with the unscrupulous liars, who degrade journalism into a market for all sorts of adulterated and counterfeit goods. (4) It is just to the great body of reporters to note the fact that, while the President is accessible to newspaper men and talks to them, as he does to every one, with extraordinary freedom, this is the first occasion on which any reporter has taken advantage of these conditions to foist upon the President a fictitious interview; and, what is more remarkable, in no case, we believe, has any journalist violated the President's confidence by reporting to the public sentiments uttered in private and not intended for publication.



Mr. Bryan on  
the Industrial Problem

Mr. Bryan is to be reckoned with as a National force whether or not he ever again becomes a National candidate. Two recent speeches of his, as reported, show him occupying the position of a leader on industrial questions. In his Chicago address before the Jefferson Club he opposed the giving of charters to corporations by the Federal Government, but advocated

securing Federal control over great corporations. He said:

The Democratic National platform of 1900 proposed a National remedy for the trusts entirely consistent with the preservation of State remedies. It suggested a license system—the license to permit a corporation to do business outside of the State of its origin, upon compliance with the conditions of the license, but the license would not permit it to do business in any other State except upon compliance with the conditions provided by the State. In other words, it would be such a license as is now granted for the sale of liquor. When a Federal license is issued for the sale of liquor, it does not carry with it any immunity from the laws of the State in which the license is in force.

Substantially this plan was advocated by Mr. James R. Garfield in his report to the President last year, and seems to us to have some great advantages and to be worthy of greater attention than it has yet received from either Congress or the press. In his other address, at Omaha, Mr. Bryan urged a measure which The Outlook has heretofore urged, which has been adopted with good results in some of the States and in Canada, and to which only opponents of every form of governmental interference in labor troubles are likely to object. Mr. Bryan said:

There ought to be in every city, in every State, and in the Nation a permanent arbitration board with power to investigate and report on any labor trouble. The compulsory investigation of a labor trouble must be distinguished from the compulsory enforcement of the finding of the board. It is far more important that the investigation shall be compulsory when either party desires it than that the finding shall be binding, because public opinion will surely enforce a fair and impartial finding.

We should like to see the President urge Congress at its next session to confer such power of compulsory investigation on the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, upon a plan modeled after that of Canada, so that the Bureau should have a right to investigate any labor difficulty of National proportions, and a duty to conduct such an investigation on the request of either of the parties or of the third party—the public. The existence of such power in the Department would go far to prevent the recurrence of labor difficulties in the coal field. If they do recur, it will be because

neither the operators nor the miners recognize any responsibility to the public, and the public have now absolutely no means of holding them to such responsibility. Public opinion cannot be effectively appealed to because the public have no other means of ascertaining the facts than the public press, and the press shares the party prejudices engendered by the conflict.



**Liquor License for  
Patent Medicine Dealers**

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has ordered that after December 1 any one who sells so-called "patent medicines" "composed chiefly of distilled spirits, or mixtures thereof, without the addition of drugs or medicinal ingredients in sufficient quantities to change materially the character of the alcoholic liquor," must be licensed as a retail liquor dealer. "The same ruling," says the Commissioner, "applies to every alcoholic compound labeled as a remedy for disease, and containing, in addition to distilled spirits, only substances or ingredients which, however large their quantity, are not of a character to impart any medicinal quality to the compound." This additional statement seems to forestall manufacturers of such drugs from circumventing the ruling by adding comparatively harmless ingredients. Heretofore the sworn statement of a manufacturer has been accepted as the official description of the contents of each compound. Hereafter this will be supplanted by the independent analysis of the department chemists. This order will interfere seriously with the habits of those who, consciously or unconsciously, have become habitual users of alcohol as the result of taking patent medicines. Such a case as that which recently came to our knowledge, in which a clergyman who called in a physician was discovered to be suffering from alcoholism through the use of a widely advertised proprietary article, will be rarer than it is. That clergyman would not have bought the stuff if he had had to go to a licensed liquor dealer to get it. What is still more important, mothers who now give alcohol disguised in drug bottles to their chil-

dren will have at least a chance of understanding better what they are doing. The practice of implanting in little children an appetite for alcohol and opiates is one which curses this land to an alarming extent. It creates annually no one knows how many habitual drunkards. The man who takes his whisky over the open bar knows what he is doing; but the child to whom alcohol or an opiate is given is subjected to peril without knowing it. The manufacturers of these disguised stimulants and narcotics have, unfortunately, strong allies in a large part of the newspaper press, which finds their advertisements a source of great profit. City dailies, country weeklies, and denominational organs are about equally offenders against this aspect of the public welfare. We hope that the order of Commissioner Yerkes will shame the press into excluding from their columns advertisements of such articles and will help to arouse a healthy public opinion against the surreptitious use of stimulants.



**Preventable  
Disaster**

However guilty of negligence or recklessness motorman and signalman, or both, may have been in the frightful accident on the elevated road in New York City last week, by which eleven passengers were killed and forty or fifty seriously injured, the management of the road cannot plead the guilt of their employees as an excuse for their own remissness. The corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, where the disaster took place, has long been known to all as a danger spot—one of three or four where unguarded short curves make the turn a difficult one even at a slow rate of speed for the seven-car electric trains now in use on the elevated lines. From the Fifty-ninth Street station Ninth Avenue trains run south directly past the Fifty-third Street corner, while Sixth Avenue trains are switched eastward into Fifty-third Street. Nothing can be clearer than that for either train to approach this corner at a high rate of speed is in the highest degree reckless and criminal. Yet general observation and the admissions of the railway officials show that it



has been the general practice of Ninth Avenue motormen to pass this corner at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and to rely entirely upon the switch-tender (or towerman) to see that their south-bound track was open. A mistake by the signalman might well mean, not merely the over-throwing of one car into the street, as in this case, but of a whole train. Probably in last week's accident the signalman (or a substitute who took his place for a moment) mistook the Ninth Avenue train for a Sixth Avenue train and set the switch and signal accordingly, while the motorman, assuming without looking that his track was right, dashed at full speed into the curve, with the inevitable result. But the lives of passengers should not by any possibility be put at the mercy of a single act of stupidity wherever the danger exists—and it exists wherever one track crosses another or one line branches off by a switch from another—that a train may take a curve too fast or collide with another. Whether at these danger spots on the elevated a change of grade is requisite—so that the trains may run on different tracks, one over the other; whether or not automatic appliances can be found to make accident impossible; or whether there should be a fixed rule forbidding motormen to pass such a point without coming nearly or quite to a standstill—these are questions for experts and the State Railway Commission. But the public has a right to demand that some effective plan to this end be put in operation without delay. The risk is known, and has been known for years; that such disasters have not happened before is far more remarkable than that a single employee should in one instance lose his presence of mind.



**The American Board:  
The Story of the Year**

The reports presented at Seattle blend light and shadow. The light is on the foreign field, the shadow is here in the slowness of the churches to respond to unprecedented opportunities. A noteworthy feature of the foreign work is the part borne by the people themselves among whom the work goes on. In eastern

Turkey, swept by massacres and spoliation but a few years since, two dollars are contributed by the natives for every dollar put in by the Board. In India and Ceylon, where the average day's wage of laborers is but ten cents, the contributions of the people amounted last year to over \$34,000 in gold. Over one-fourth of the churches under the care of the Board are already self-supporting. Seventy-five millions of people occupy the various territories of its scattered field, which includes the entire Turkish nation, nearly one-fourth of Japan, vast districts of China and India, with a thousand Pacific islands, and whole tribes in Africa. In North China the Boxer devastations in 1900 have been followed by a wonderful renaissance, immense audiences, and multiplied converts. In western Turkey the hostile attitude of the Government has relaxed, and the prospect now is that the demand of American institutions for the liberty accorded to those of France and other Powers will be respected. In Mohammedan lands educational work through colleges, schools, and literature is the leading line. In India, on the other hand, it is found necessary to emphasize industry as well as learning, and six or seven strong industrial schools have been established. The little mission in intolerant Austria has borne remarkably. Among its fruits are thirteen Bohemian pastors and preachers in several of our States, besides theological students, Bible readers, colporteurs, and deacons of churches, who were gathered in by American missionaries in their home land. A solitary note of apprehension comes from South Africa, where the British Government's suspicion of the movement of "Ethiopianism," asserting that Africa is the black man's country, has hampered our missions to such an extent that it feels that "justice and righteousness are at stake." Elsewhere all along the line a jubilant note is sounded.



**The American Board:  
The Support of its Work**

On the field, says Dr. Patton, appears "a situation to call forth an army of volunteers and a plethora of gifts." Here, however, "the

Prudential Committee find themselves forced to exert their greatest energy in cutting down the work and refusing appeals." It would appear from the Treasurer's report that "the man at the head of the pew" needs waking up. The women have done well, their three auxiliary boards having contributed rather more than two-thirds as much as has come from "churches and individuals." Sixty-one new missionaries have been sent out during the past two years, but the supply is still short of the demand for reinforcements. In short, the success met with abroad has been embarrassing; its pace has not been kept up with in the home field. Next year comes the centennial of the memorable "haystack" prayer-meeting at Williamstown, when Samuel J. Mills and other college students, taking shelter from a shower, originated the movement out of which four years later grew the Board of Foreign Missions, the first on American soil. It is hoped that the commemoration of such an anniversary will witness a quickened enthusiasm for the great work so humbly begun, and do away with the reason for regret at the stinted supplies of men and means to enter open doors. The past year has, indeed, shown an increase of these, but far from enough, and the Board, though receiving a sum but twice exceeded in its history, closed the year with a heavy debt. Whatever discouragement of gifts may have arisen from the debate concerning "tainted money" has probably been removed by the decisive action of the Board, which, by a vote of 46 to 10, laid on the table Dr. Gladden's resolution affirming that "the officers of this society should neither solicit nor invite donations to its funds from persons whose gains are generally believed to have been made by methods morally reprehensible and socially injurious." This action probably ends the hot debate, at least for the present, and certainly leaves the Committee free not only to accept but to solicit funds in all quarters, provided neither the acceptance nor the solicitation is accompanied by conditions which imply an indorsement of the donor or the methods by which the money has been acquired.

#### America and the Far East

While part of his suite left for Japan last week, Baron Komura, Japanese Foreign Minister and ranking envoy at the recent Portsmouth conference, was unable to accompany it, owing to sudden and severe prostration by illness. This physical misfortune has called forth the immediate and sympathetic solicitude of the American people. As we go to press it is announced that Baron Komura is better, and that he may be able to sail for his home in October. The past week has apparently brought forth only pro-American expressions in Japan, and even in China. In his report of an investigation into the burning of a few Christian churches by the Tokyo mob the week previous, an American missionary expressed the opinion that the attacks on the churches were not premeditated, but were simply incidental to the general excitement. There seems to have been no violence against Christian pastors, and little against foreigners. Evidence would indicate that the trouble was not instigated by hatred either of foreigners or Christianity. In a reported interview, Marquis Ito, formerly Prime Minister and now one of the Elder Statesmen, declared that some of the Japanese were undoubtedly dissatisfied with the peace terms, but that there was only one sentiment regarding President Roosevelt's action—namely, sincere appreciation of his noble and disinterested exertions on behalf of peace and humanity. The Marquis emphatically denied the existence of ill feeling against America, much less against Mr. Roosevelt. In a speech before the Provincial Governors last week Premier Katsura said:

The peace negotiations, brought about through the good offices of President Roosevelt, have been concluded. . . . Your earnest and efficient efforts in guiding the people of your respective localities are fully recognized. . . . It is highly regrettable that disturbances have occurred in the capital, but we hope that your localities will remain at peace. . . . In enforcing restrictive measures over the press, promulgated by an urgency ordinance, you are required to be guided by moderation. . . . We hope that under your experienced guidance the nation will fully realize the fruits of its victory.

The press censorship referred to was made necessary by revolutionary and

treasonable sentiments to which a certain class of sensational and unscrupulous Japanese newspapers had given utterance. While it is gratifying to see the nation assert itself, it is not gratifying to Japanese lovers of law and order that the violence of an irresponsible mob and the ravings of low-grade newspapers should be considered symptomatic of the sober second thought of the people.—As a result of the boycott in China, some Chinese students have left the schools in which Americans were employed as teachers or where American text-books were used. In one case the students tore the map of the United States from the wall. Last week's report, however, indicates not only a general weakening of the boycott, but also that a number of American institutions—notably St. John's College at Shanghai and St. James Hospital at Nganking—were entirely unaffected. We also learn from a despatch last week from Mr. Sammon, our Consul at Niuchuang, that a large amount of American goods piled up unsold in the Shanghai warehouses are likely to find a ready market in Niuchuang, where the boycott has never been powerful, and also throughout Manchuria, now that the Japanese, with characteristic far-sightedness, have removed the restrictions on river shipments into the interior.



#### The Loss of the Mikasa

Japan's greatest single naval loss has taken place after the war has ended. Admiral Togo's flag-ship, the battle-ship Mikasa, was destroyed in Sasebo harbor on September 11, with a loss of nearly six hundred men. It was this vessel from which Admiral Togo displayed at the Battle of the Sea of Japan the signal, "The destiny of our empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost;" and in the engagement that followed the Mikasa approached nearer the Russian line than any other battle-ship, and had the heaviest losses in killed and wounded. The latter statement is also true of the Mikasa in the battle of August 10 off Port Arthur, and no other proof is needed that Admiral Togo is a fighting Admiral as well as an organizer and strategist.

Just how the terrible calamity at Sasebo took place is not altogether clear, for the Japanese reports are characteristically brief. It is said that the fire started at midnight of September 10, and spread rapidly until it reached the magazine aft, which exploded, with the result that a hole was blown in the port side of the ship below the water line. It is thought possible that imperfect electric insulation may have been the cause of the fire. Admiral Togo was not on board. The Mikasa was a first-class battle-ship of over 15,000 tons displacement, with a speed of eighteen knots. She carried a crew of 935 men and officers, and had four twelve-inch and fourteen six-inch guns, besides many smaller ones and four torpedo tubes.



#### Russia's Tariff Concessions

Just before sailing for Europe last week Mr. Witte announced that the Russian retaliatory duties on American goods, imposed in 1901, were laid in consequence of a misunderstanding of treaty interpretation, and that henceforth our products would be admitted at the rates now levied on the products of other countries. In addition to other duties on sugar, the Dingley Act imposes a countervailing duty to offset any export bounty granted by a foreign Government. The Russian Government has laws which regulate the production and sale of sugar and stimulate its export. The number of Russian refineries is restricted by law and the output controlled. On sugar for the Russian market the Government assesses a tax of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  rubles (about eighty cents) on each 36 pounds, and twice as much on any amount beyond that quantity. When this was proved, our Treasury experts held that Russian sugar was really bounty-fed and thus subject to the additional tax. This opinion was also eagerly insisted on by Russia's competitors in sugar production. They protested that they were practically being discriminated against in favor of Russia, and urged that a countervailing duty be imposed, on the ground that Russia really paid a bounty, a view subsequently confirmed by the Brussels Sugar Conference. Rus-

sia of course declared that no bounty was directly paid. However, Mr. Gage, then Secretary of the Treasury, imposed the countervailing duty. The importers of Russian sugar appealed from this decision to the Supreme Court. The Court held that the Treasury regulation conformed with the existing statute. Russia retaliated by imposing on certain American schedules her penalty tariff, increasing by thirty per cent. the rates on our iron, steel, tin, and zinc manufactures. Four months later, for the same reason, a countervailing duty was imposed by us on a cargo of Russian lubricating oil. Russia promptly replied by imposing penalty duties on American bicycles and naval stores. As a result, our exports to Russia during the past four years, though increasing as to total value, have suffered so far as the above-mentioned schedules are concerned. England's similar manufactures have been benefited proportionately. This latter fact may have occasioned some chagrin in Russia, since she would be least apt, we suppose, to favor England. Our welcome to Russia's frank abandonment of retaliation towards us is the more emphatic because Mr. Witte has felicitously timed it to occur immediately after the signing of the Russo-Japanese Treaty.



#### Education in Russia

The grievances of Russian students in regard to purely academic conditions have at last been dealt with by an imperial ukase, published last week. Pending the elaboration of permanent regulations it grants a surprisingly large measure of autonomy to the universities. It places the election of rectors and deans of the universities in the hands of the university professors themselves, thereby making the rectors and deans truly representative of university life. They have not been so hitherto. They have been appointed by the Minister of Education, and hence were not unnaturally regarded as representatives of the hated bureaucratic class. Furthermore, the duty of seeing that academic life follows a normal and ordinary course is intrusted to professorial councils, to which has been confided all jurisdiction as regards offenses

by students. Finally, the heartily disliked university inspectors, a kind of secret police, are no longer responsible to the Ministry, but to the university rectors, thus removing a cause of many misunderstandings between universities and the authorities. These reforms are considered as insuring the opening of the universities at the beginning of the scholastic year, resuming the educational life of Russia, which has been at a standstill, as regards the higher institutions, since the middle of last winter. The reform already promises well for the progress of Russia, since, at the University of St. Petersburg, the professors immediately elected an executive council of four members, three of whom are prominent liberals, and at the University of Moscow Prince Troubetskoy, perhaps the foremost liberal in Russia, was promptly elected Rector, and Professor Manuilov, also a liberal, was elected Pro-Rector. These are the first persons to be elected to the headship of a Russian university since 1880, when the Government assumed the right of nomination. The other demands of the students are not academic but political in their nature—the right of assembly, free speech, etc. These the ukase fails to grant. All friends of free education, however, may well be thankful for the degree of self-government now attained.



#### The Russian Duma

The popular desire to enjoy the benefits of free speech, meeting, and publication was emphasized a fortnight ago at a large assemblage in the Moscow Town Hall. A resolution was adopted which declared that, while great value was to be attached to the Czar's scheme for a Duma, or Parliament, as the first step towards the participation of the people in legislation, a truly national government was impossible unless the people had all civil rights, including inviolability of person, freedom of speech, of meeting, and of the press. In our opinion, a fundamental defect of the Czar's scheme lies in the absence of personal guarantees. It would seem as if now, more than ever, at least a partial concession of these requests were desirable, so that the mujiks, or peas-



ants, might be taught the meaning of their new privilege. In the latest plan for a Duma the people elect electors, and these elect the members of the Parliament. The mujiks are said to have altogether over twenty-five hundred electors, as against hardly two thousand from the landed proprietors and much less than fourteen hundred from the burgesses. While, for all Russia, this gives to the latter classes together an aggregate preponderance, in the eastern provinces peasant electors predominate and probably will elect mujiks only. The Czar has intrusted the arrangement of differences in local and provincial organizations to a commission under Count Solsky. That commission favors permitting public assemblies of urban voters to be held for the discussion of public questions by candidates for the Duma. But the commission does not favor granting a similar permission to country voters. Is this designed to prevent a campaign of education among the peasantry? While the agricultural class, the mujiks, is to have representation, the industrial class, the workingmen in the cities and towns, seems to be, by the property qualification, shut out from representation. Hence, Moscow, with over 1,000,000 inhabitants, will provide, it is said, only 11,000 voters, while St. Petersburg, with 1,500,000 population, has but 9,500.



Trans-Caucasia  
and Finland

Last week the outbreak in Trans-Caucasia diminished in the cities and increased in the country. The Baku oil-producers severely criticised the Government for its incapacity in dealing with the situation. The absence of intelligent and energetic Government administrators was the proximate cause of the outbreak. Owing to the helplessness of the police, the oil-producers had long since been compelled to purchase safety from the bandits by periodical payments of large sums of money; otherwise, the whole oil region would have suffered from depredations. As is often the case in similar circumstances, a time arrived when the blackmailers turned on their victims. In the country the religio-racial character of the conflict between the Tartars and the Armenians

is more than ever evident, since the former have now proclaimed a "holy war." Last week the Tartars slaughtered the Armenians, without distinction of sex or age. The Tartars have now been joined by several thousand of their brethren who have crossed the border from Persia. The effect of the outbreak is evident, not only in Trans-Caucasia, but in the provinces bordering the Volga River and its tributaries. Owing to the lack of fuel, many factories in those regions have been closed. In consequence, the workmen are excited. Thus there has been added an additional cause of unrest among populations already restive under the strain of famine and the cessation of field labor. The distress from famine is particularly acute in these very provinces—Samara, Saratov, Penza, Tambov, Tula, and Viatka.—Russian unrest has also again manifested itself in Finland, where the people seem to have resolved that they can make their discontent felt by other means than by fruitless petitions to the Czar. Two events of last week were significant—the first, of the Government's intention; the second, of Finnish resistance. The first was the breaking up by troops at Helsingfors of a meeting of some eight hundred delegates from all parts of Finland, called for the purpose of discussing the political situation. The meeting was orderly, and was attended by many of the best Finns. The Government's action so well fanned the flames of dissatisfaction among the lower classes that the Governor-General, Prince Obolensky, was warned to beware of their bombs. The second event of last week was no less significant. After landing a portion of her cargo of rifles and ammunition on an island in the Gulf of Bothnia, a steamer was fired and sunk by her Finnish crew, who had been surprised by a Government customs service boat. The crew escaped. Divers who examined the vessel say that there are over a thousand more rifles on board. This might indicate an intention to start a revolutionary military organization in Finland. If so, such a movement may well be regarded as of a graver character even than the events in Trans-Caucasia already related.

**Resignation of the  
Hungarian Cabinet**

Last week the Hungarian Cabinet, headed by the Premier, Baron Fejervary, resigned office. On the following day a resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives of the Hungarian Parliament by the united opposition, a majority there, impeaching Premier Fejervary on the ground that the Government, without Parliament's consent, had expended public money, concluded commercial treaties with other countries, and otherwise infringed Hungarian autonomy. The House adjourned amid confusion intensified by a great crowd outside, numbering eighty thousand workmen, who had marched to the Houses of Parliament to make a demonstration in favor of an extension of the suffrage. Although it sang the "Marseillaise" and waved red banners, the crowd was orderly, a circumstance which added immense moral weight to its petition signed by half a million persons. The President of the House of Representatives replied to the deputation in a conciliatory manner. In case some of the opposition leaders still persist in feeling that the time for an extension of the suffrage has not yet arrived, it would not be surprising if the Emperor himself should propose it. Indeed, he has already made tentative overtures in this direction. We shall comment more fully on the situation next week.

**The Japanese "Peril"  
in Australia**

At the very time that Japan is in desperate conflict with the Colossus of Europe her statesmen have been giving attention to the status of the Japanese in Australia. Japan needs an outlet for her surplus population. She cannot expect to find very much of an outlet in Korea, because that land is already thickly populated; and Manchuria will hardly be any more serviceable in that respect. A natural outlet would be to the southward in Australasia. In the island continent itself there is a territory little less in size than the United States, peopled by only about four millions. Japanese statesmen, with an annual increase of half a million to provide for, are casting longing eyes

toward the peninsula which stretches up into the tropics toward them. They see cane-fields going to waste, land whose fertility is almost incredible lying unused, and marvelous mineral resources hardly scratched, within the boundaries of this country. But it is to them a forbidden country. By its immigration restriction act Australia has excluded every one who has a colored face. As soon as this act came into force the immigration of Hindus, Chinese, Kanakas, Japanese, and other colored races ceased at once. The Kanakas, being indentured laborers, are all to be deported. The others cannot be expelled, but as very few of them are women, they are expected ultimately to disappear. The sparse white population of Australia, one-quarter of which is to be found in two large cities, is holding this island continent against the myriads of Asia. Now that Japan has risen to a high place among world powers, she will be heeded if she makes a protest against this condition. If the Japanese Government has not already laid the matter before Lord Lansdowne, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it is supposed to be on the eve of doing so. But Britain has really no control over Australian affairs; she simply supplies six Governors, a Governor-General, and the Master of the Mint. The Royal assent required to make a bill a law is merely a formal matter. All the British Government can do is to refer Japan's request to the Federal Ministers of Australia. It is the Australian, not the British, Government that passed the bill excluding Japanese; but it is the British Government, not the Australian, that is responsible to Japan. Great Britain cannot satisfy Japan, because it cannot coerce Australia. Considerable numbers of Australians, however, view the possibility of Japan's insisting on entrance with equanimity. They think it absolutely necessary for Australia's development that labor should be plentiful and cheap. They realize that the wall excluding laborers cannot be thrown down without some tremendous pressure from outside. Such Australians as these do not believe in the policy of "a white Australia" which the present Federal Government is maintaining.

## The Fight of Three States

By winning the Republican nomination as candidate for the State Senate, Mr. Everett Colby, of New Jersey, has attained a position of National eminence. Mr. Colby's achievement, we imagine, is unprecedented. He has become a National figure, not by gaining a Federal office, not even by election to a State office, but simply by becoming a party candidate to the upper branch of a State Legislature. The explanation of his success does not lie in the fact that he has broken the power of a party boss, though he has done that. That the explanation lies deeper than this is proved by the fact that the Democratic party is considering the possibility of indorsing his nomination and thus assuring him of an almost unanimous election. The explanation is to be found in the fact that he has inflicted a defeat upon the forces of corruption. It does not matter that the battlefield was circumscribed or that the officer who led the troops against the enemy was of subordinate rank. The foe of popular liberty, even where firmly intrenched, is proved, just the same, to be vulnerable.

To some people it may seem extravagant to say that Mr. Colby, in contending against corporate influence in New Jersey, has been fighting the same enemy against which honest men in Delaware have pitted themselves for the past decade and a half, and against which in Maryland Mr. Bonaparte has directed his well-aimed shafts. It is the same enemy, however. In the history of the Second Calendar of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the genie who contests with the princess, the Lady of Beauty, changes from lion to scorpion, from eagle to cat, from worm to pomegranate seed, from fish to flame. With each metamorphosis the princess has recourse to some new device for the defeat of her foe. Nevertheless, whatever the form of the struggle, whether serpent fights scorpion or fire combats fire, the contestants remain the same—the princess on one side, the genie on the other. The implacable enemy of popular liberty is

corruption. Like the genie in the Moslem tale, it seeks strategic advantage in disguises. It is not always a raging lion; it is sometimes a beneficent-looking seed.

In Delaware political corruption has been brazen. For years before Addicks arrived in the State politicians made merchandise of voters, and since then Addicks has continued the open and unblushing attempt to buy power. He has taken an obscure man from private life, given him money, and put him into the Senate. With his wealth he has, after this fashion, purchased a following. He has induced voters to barter their ballots for dollars and cents. He has made civil liberty a thing to be sold. Now that he is supposed to be losing his money, now that the lion is losing his teeth, the forces of corruption there seem to be weakening; but the fight is not yet ended. People who for sixteen years have been trained to believe that a vote has a price cannot be regenerated by the fall of a single boss. Corruption, even in the unmistakable form of boodle, will not be so quickly banished from the State. For years to come, even if Addicks is driven from power, Delaware will still be fighting the corruptionists. Popular government in Delaware, however, has not been altogether unfortunate, for its enemy there has, like Cæsar, been frankly a bringer of slavery.

In Maryland popular liberty faces the same foe but in a different form. No longer a lion, it has become a hidden scorpion. The organization of which Senator Gorman is the real director is seeking to obtain the same sort of political despotism as that which Addicks has sought for in Delaware; it is in the same army of corruption, but it wears a different uniform. The weapons with which it hopes to beat down political freedom are not composed of money, but of fear and prejudice. Indeed, it pretends to be fighting on the side of liberty, not against it. The Gorman machine, as our readers know, has carried through the Legislature an amendment to the State Constitution for the modification of the State requirements for the franchise. Under the pretense of elimi-

nating the ignorant negro vote, it has skillfully formulated provisions by which it can be sure, if successful, of determining just who shall and who shall not vote in Maryland. According to these provisions a male voter, after complying with the usual requirements regarding residence, must, in order to register, be:

1. A person able to read any section of the Constitution of this State submitted to him by the officers of registration and to give a reasonable explanation of the same; or, if unable to read such section, able to understand and give explanation thereof when read to him by the registration officers; or,
2. A person who on the first day of January, 1869, or prior thereto, was entitled to vote under the laws of this State or of any other State of the United States wherein he then resided; or,
3. Any male lineal descendant of such last-mentioned person who may be twenty-one years of age or over in the year 1906.

It ought to be perfectly clear to every intelligent voter in the State that this amendment threatens his franchise. It gives power to irresponsible party henchmen to decide who understands the Constitution sufficiently well to vote. Under the pretense of excluding ignorant, shiftless negroes, the Gorman machine is planning to get the power of excluding any man, white or black, shiftless or thrifty, ignorant or intelligent, unless either he or his parents were entitled to vote a generation ago. As Secretary Bonaparte has said, this scheme is nothing but the revival of the old Know-Nothing policy for the purpose of putting the State of Delaware into the grasp of an unscrupulous political ring. The Gorman faction, like the Addicks faction, is plotting to wrest from a State its civic freedom; the only difference being that whereas Addicks offers money in exchange, Gorman offers a sop to prejudice.

Corruption in New Jersey could have no success if it appeared openly buying votes by wholesale, as in Delaware, or arbitrarily disfranchising voters, as in Maryland. It has adapted itself to circumstances, and uses much subtler methods. Instead of purchasing friendly voters or annihilating unfriendly ones, it has tried to render the voters powerless. Monopolistic powers have soothed the voters and allayed their suspicions by asserting

their claims as bringers of material welfare. Because the State has received money for granting articles of incorporation, because commerce is nurtured by railroads, because real estate is enhanced in value by trolley lines and gas plants, by electric light plants and water systems, the people of New Jersey have remained passive. They have let a railroad dominate their Legislature; they have let a public service corporation dominate their city councils; they have given up their highways into the control of private companies; and they have permitted the moneyed interests to decide who their candidates for office shall be. Some of the people of New Jersey have not been content, however, to let their rights be thus bartered for this sort of pottage. They have been unreasonable enough to think that the public highways should remain public, that parkways should not be conveyed gratis to any private company, that no monopoly should be able to determine what rates the people should pay for light, and that they themselves ought to have some chance to determine how they should be taxed. It is of these people that Mr. Colby has been the spokesman. He has spent the summer in putting the facts before the people of his district. The party machine first disdained him and tried to make him ridiculous, then, backed by the money of the monopolies, undertook to defeat him at the primaries. Mr. Colby's victory, in the face of such opposition, means a victory for popular rights.

Each of these three States, Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey, is a type. The Delaware form of corruption used to be more prevalent than it is now; but it flourishes in most of our big cities. The Maryland form of corruption flowered in the period of Reconstruction, but its seed still sprouts in parts of the South. The New Jersey form of corruption, just because it is the most disguised, is the most prevalent and the most dangerous. It is to the power of that form of corruption that the people of New York City seem in danger of surrendering with scarcely a struggle this fall. But corruption is corruption, no matter what its form. It is the supreme issue wherever it appears.



There is only one enemy that can overcome it—aggressive honesty.

Mr. Colby has been doing in New Jersey what Mr. Folk has done in Missouri, what Mr. Deneen has done in Illinois, what the Municipal Voters' League has done in Chicago, what we hope Mayor Weaver will succeed in doing in Philadelphia, and what honest and fearless men in America are needed to do in every community. The fight of these three States is the perpetual war in which the whole Nation is engaged.



## Russia's Opportunity

The evils which follow in the train of war have been the theme of many a homily in press and pulpit, and they cannot easily be exaggerated. But the aftermath is not all evil. Out of the carcass of the lion comes forth sweetness; out of the carnage-enriched soil of Waterloo comes forth food for the sustenance of man. One of the not infrequent after blessings of war is a stable and enduring peace. Strange that so fair a child should be born of such a Medea-like mother—but so it is. Our own National history illustrates the truth. In the decade which preceded the Civil War the North despised the South, whose threats of secession it regarded as the vaporings of a braggadocio; the South despised the North, whose compromising spirit it regarded as the truckling of commercial cowards who would never fight. The terrible conflict between South and North proved to each the manly courage of the other; contempt was vanquished, and a mutual respect established which became the foundation for a union far more true, because so founded, than the country had ever known before. The country had been a confederacy, bound together by a constitution; despite the bitterness engendered by the reconstruction period, it is now a Nation, bound together by mutual esteem.

In the war between Russia and Japan one Power represented the Orient, the other the Occident. Hitherto the world has been, not a sphere, but two hemispheres. The people of neither half have

comprehended the people of the other half. The West has despised the yellow men of the East as uncivilized pagans; the East has repaid the contempt with compound interest. The Chinese Wall has been a physical symbol of a very real and spiritual separation. Even religion, which should be a unifier, has intensified the mutual hostility. It is only recently that a study of comparative religions has begun to induce the leaders of thought in each section to recognize the reality of reverence and conscience in the other.

But all the world respects power; and all the world respects courage. Therefore war between honorable combatants breeds mutual respect, a respect which outlasts the short-lived passions that war also generates. The courage that attacks and the patience that endures receive like meed of applause. The siege of Port Arthur was an episode crowded with horrors; but the Japanese could not refuse honor to the stern endurance of their imprisoned enemy, nor the Russians to the self-sacrificing audacity of their assailants. The naval battle of the Sea of Japan was a dramatic tragedy; but there is something altogether admirable in the courage of the Russian sailing half-way round the globe to find an enemy in waters of his enemy's choosing; something altogether admirable in the patient waiting of the Japanese until the predestined moment, then sailing out to a battle on the issue of which the destiny of his nation depended. On land and on sea Japanese and Russian have learned to respect each other as they never respected each other before. And the lesson they have learned they have also taught the world. Our own country has acquired from this one year of war a respect, not merely for the Japanese, but for his kinsman the Chinaman, such as we have not acquired from years of commercial intercourse. As the war was a war of races, so the peace is the peace of races. When, at the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, Witte and Komura shook hands, it was the West shaking hands with the East.

These facts give Russia her opportunity. She has prided herself upon being a bulwark for the West against the

possible incursion of the East. She can now become the mediator between the two, because the interpreter of each to the other. Five national characteristics call her to fulfill this office:

Her geographical position. Midway between East and West, she belongs to both. England is a foreigner in India; Russia is geographically a citizen of Asia.

The heterogeneity of her population. No European nation is so composite in her population as Russia; no European nation, therefore, has the same natural capacity to comprehend men of all races, and so interpret men of different races to one another.

Her political currents. Government in the East is autocratic; in the West, democratic. Autocracy cannot comprehend democracy: it seems necessarily anarchic. Democracy cannot comprehend autocracy: it seems necessarily tyrannical. In Russia autocracy and democracy are striving together for the mastery, in an instinctive endeavor to secure that ordered freedom, that combination of authority and liberty, which is the aspiration of all peoples and as yet the perfected achievement of none.

Her intellectual currents. She possesses in her Church the mystical faith of the East; in her universities the scientific rationalism of the West. Geographically, racially, politically, intellectually, she is both Eastern and Western.

Finally, the treaty just signed at Portsmouth leaves little, perhaps nothing, to prevent a good understanding in the future between Russia, which is the most eastern of Western Powers, and Japan, which is the most western of Eastern Powers. Japan is not robbed of the fruits of her valor, as she was after her war with China. Russia is not humiliated, as was France after the Franco-Prussian War. Thus there is nothing to prevent the completion of that commercial treaty between Japan and Russia which there is good authority for saying is already in process of negotiation.

Under these conditions Russia has the opportunity to become the interpreter of the East to the West, and of the West to the East, and so the reconciler of the

two. She has the opportunity; has she the statesmen to see that opportunity and take advantage of it? If so, she may do much to help the world to realize that human brotherhood of which Tolstoy, her great poet-prophet, has been so supreme an interpreter.



## "Where Does God Come In?"

Where shall we draw the line between experiences that may be either supernatural or psychological in their nature? When I pray and find peace of mind, it seems to me that my condition can be accounted for simply by mental processes. A man conquers a bad appetite through prayer: the mind will do that. His whole life is changed through his religious convictions: his mind will do that. Where does God come in?

F. A. B.

Where does God come in? Everywhere. When? Always. Between the faith that perceives God in all history, in all phenomena, in all experience, and the unfaith that perceives him in none, we can see no middle ground. He is in the earthquake which shattered Lisbon no less truly than in that which destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, in the cloud which hid the escaping American army from their pursuing foe after the battle of Long Island no less than in the cloud which hid the escaping Israelites from the pursuing Egyptians at the Red Sea. His presence makes the pines of our White Mountains as sacred as it made the cedars of Lebanon. It is as true now as when the One Hundred and Fourth Psalm was written that—

He sendeth the springs into the valleys,  
which run among the hills,

He watereth the hills from his chambers,

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,  
And herb for the service of man.

And as he is in all physical phenomena, so he is in all human experience. He is in the prophets of the twentieth century after Christ as truly as in the prophets of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ. He who inspired Bezaleel with wisdom and understanding and knowledge and all manner of workmanship to adorn the Temple of the

Israelites was the inspirer of Michelangelo and Christopher Wren. The God of the plowman whom Isaiah praised because he "doth instruct him aright, and doth teach him," is no less the companion of the American farmer. It is as true now as when the book of Deuteronomy was written that the word of God is not in heaven that we should ascend up after it, nor beyond the seas that we should go afar for it, but is "very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." If God were not in America to-day, it would be of little service to us that he was in Palestine twenty centuries ago. He is either all and in all, or he is not; he is everywhere or nowhere. He is the Force that is in all forces, the Life that is in all life. All the natural is supernatural.

There is the same evidence of God in humanity that there is of God in nature; for there is as true a unity of design in the one as in the other. History is not a number of involved and unrelated events. "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs." History is the evolution of a new-created world out of a chaos of contradictory and conflicting purposes. Humanity is an orchestra playing at a great composition under the lead of one Master Mind. The musicians are stupid and cannot read the score; willful and will not read the score. And yet there is harmony now, and progress toward a better harmony in the future; and this is sufficient to make clear to the thoughtful observer that there are a score and a Leader; by and by there will be a completed symphony. In this epoch, which is but a rehearsal, every note played aright is a divine note; every aspiration toward harmony is a divinely inspired aspiration; every noble discontent is a divinely ordered dissonance. The desire for peace is divine, and the peace that follows is divine; the prayer is divine and the answer is divine; the noble resolve is divine and the effective achievement is divine. "The mind will do that"? Yes. But what the mind does, God does; for man has no power apart from God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

This is not new theology; it is very old theology. Power, says the Hebrew

Psalmist, *belongeth unto God: and he giveth power to his people.* The electric currents are his, but he intrusts to men their direction. The nerve currents are equally his, and equally their direction he intrusts to men. All activity has but one dynamo—God. Man is allowed to direct the current. Blessed is the man who knows that he is living in a divine world and uses the divine forces of the world, of society, and of his own soul in divine fellowship and to divine ends.



## Information Wanted

Pittsburg, Sept. 13.—The Allegheny County Woman's Christian Temperance Union has appointed a committee which will put the following question to President Roosevelt: "Did you receive sixty bottles of beer from a brewers' association, and did you or your representatives send the brewers a letter of thanks on White House stationery for the same package, and what became of the sixty bottles of beer?" The meeting was all worked up to-day over the fact that members of the union read clippings from newspapers reciting the facts referred to in the question. "We will give the President the benefit of the doubt until the charge is sifted," declared the woman who presided.—*Special to the New York Times.*

The Outlook would like to answer this question Yankee-fashion with another addressed to these ladies of the inquiring mind. Saint Paul especially declares that women should not be adorned "with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." Have you purchased during the past year any gold trinkets or pearls? If so, what did they cost you? And what have been your dressmakers' and milliners' bills? And what are your husbands' incomes, and what is the relation of your bills for dresses and bonnets to those incomes? Please also send the receipts, that the public may know whether you are paying your workingwomen promptly (see Deut. xxiv. 15), and whether you are running your husbands into debt (see Romans xiii. 8). We are very much worked up over the fact that clippings from the newspapers charge that extravagance in dress is a common feminine failing in America, and that many women do not pay promptly their dressmakers' and milliners' bills. We will give the women

the benefit of the doubt until the charge is sifted.

We do not know whether at the meetings of the Allegheny County Woman's Christian Temperance Union it is customary to invite a clergyman to preach. If so, we venture to suggest as an appropriate text for their next meeting: "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business."



## The Spectator

"Speech! Speech!" The Spectator was embarrassed by the familiar words with the unfamiliar twist in them. They were uttered by women and girls who crowded a large double parlor in an old-fashioned residence that had once been on a fashionable street. The residence was unchanged, but the street's glory had departed these many years. The Spectator's embarrassment was partly due to the fact that he was the only man in the house. He had inadvertently intruded upon a "mothers' party" in a neighborhood house, and the mothers had thought it a good joke to keep him for a while and to let him win a prize in one of the games and then to call on him for a speech. The game was this: A large number of uncooked white beans had been secreted in the room in various places—behind the chairs and sofas, under the rugs, back of the picture-frames, among the books and papers on the tables—wherever, in fact, one would not think of looking for beans in a well-conducted household. At a given signal, everybody began to look for these beans. The Spectator thought he was doing pretty well in discovering half a dozen of the hidden legumes, but on asking a little Jewish maiden how she was getting on in the search, he found that she had seventy-five. Another had had still greater luck, and when the club's president called for a show of hands it was found that the Spectator had the fewest of any. So he got a prize. The other went to a smart-looking girl who had secured several hundred of the beans.



The Spectator's speech was short. He said that when he first found himself one

of the party, an uninvited guest, he felt sorry and wanted to go; now that he had seen what good fun they were having, he felt glad and hoped they would let him stay. Their bright, happy faces had driven dull care away from his clouded brow; he would be very good if they would allow him to stay and take a little more of the same kind of medicine, etc., etc. The mothers and daughters laughed and clapped and said they would. Then they played a game that made everybody get acquainted with everybody else. A large number of pictures from the magazines and illustrated weeklies had been cut into irregular sections. These were mixed up and handed out, one to each person, and the recipient had to search among the company until she found her match. That gave her a partner for a dance. The Spectator's partner proved to be a pathetic-looking girl who wore a peculiar red cap all the evening, though every one else was bare-headed. After the dance, which was of the Virginia reel variety, the Spectator was told that the reason his partner wore this head-covering was that she had met with an accident. She had worked in a factory where there was much exposed machinery, and a year or two before, the poor girl's hair had been caught in the belting and her scalp partly torn off. The Spectator had heard of such things, but dancing with a victim of unprotected machinery made him wish that he was a legislator and could do something to save other girls from a similar fate. If only the members of our State Legislatures could go to mothers' parties in the congested districts once in a while, some things might happen.



The Spectator heard a noise at one of the front windows. It sounded like "Get off me back!" He looked up. It was a hot summer evening, and the large windows were open at the top, the sash being pulled all the way down. These windows he now perceived to be full to overflowing with boys. They had climbed up there on the outside and crowded their heads and shoulders in, two or three deep, to see the party. They, too, were uninvited guests. The



Spectator felt that he had a soft place in his heart for them. They had been very quiet all along, fearful lest any disturbance on their part might result in their dislodgment. The Spectator asked a mother about them. "Yas," she said, "dese boys aind got no place to go, so dey comes around here. We maybe giffs dem some ice-cream if dere is anys left after a while." The Spectator was not sure whether this referred to the boys or the ice-cream, but kept a discreet silence. One of the "workers" afterwards told him that they had tried to take care of the boys for a while, but that when they opened classes and clubs for them the neighborhood simply rained boys, and they had reluctantly been compelled to confine their efforts largely to the mothers and girls. When they got their new house built—The worker was called away, and the Spectator inferred that the boys might have a chance in the good time coming when that house is built. Meanwhile they crowd the windows, looking wistfully on at the good times their mothers and sisters are having.



When the Spectator becomes Czar—or Mikado—he is going to have a big house (he will call it the Welfare House, or the Ward House) in every ward of every great city, which shall be a public social center for the neighborhood. Play-rooms, club-rooms, a gymnasium, a lecture hall, shall be included. Something of this kind is now being carried on in connection with some of our public schools. But the Spectator would put the emphasis on providing rational amusement and occupation for the older boys—perhaps also the girls. Boys of fourteen to twenty are peculiarly open to temptation, and they ought to be taken care of, the Spectator believes. They must have some scope for their physical activities. Let it be in those athletic pursuits in which growing boys delight, and they will thus be saved to society and themselves. An East Side worker told the Spectator that the only way he could interest the average boy was by organizing a boxing club. He could smuggle various good things into such a

club. But athletics had to be the foundation among a certain class of boys. Let the public recognize this, says the Spectator, and provide gymnasiums and recreation centers for the boys instead of reform schools and penitentiaries.



Some of the boys on the East Side, however, are interested in things intellectual. They are often Jews. The Spectator's friends among the public school teachers tell him that their Jewish pupils are frequently their best students. "They seem," said one of these teachers, "determined to get their money's worth out of the schools—perhaps their racial instinct for getting a good bargain. They seem to hoard facts and ideas." The Jewish boys are ambitious to become professional men, and they take advantage of every opportunity to learn how to speak in public. The Spectator heard a debate not long ago by a club of these boys. It was on a live theme—"Should Immigration be Restricted?" Both debaters and audience were intensely interested. The boys discussed the pros and cons with great vigor of speech. One of them had been to the Astor Library and had procured some statistics showing how many criminals were found among immigrants. His argument made a strong impression. In rebuttal his smart little antagonist said, with an air of assured triumph that brought applause, "We also have gone to the libraries to see the book mentioned by the other side. *But we got a later edition of the book*, and we find the figures were wrong and have been changed. The right figures are"—and so on. The decision was finally given for the debaters who had secured the up-to-date edition. The defeated side received the announcement with a seriousness that almost went to the length of tears. "Never mind, you made a good argument," said the Spectator, consolingly, to one of the downcast ones. "Yes, but we got licked," was the answer, "and our mothers and fathers was here too." Earnestness such as this will eventually carry some of its possessors from the Ghetto to the Capitol, in this land of representative government.

# NEW MEN IN THE SENATE

BY ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

NO aspect of each Congress as it opens is so important in its promise for the future as the personnel of the newly admitted class of Senators. They are like the freshmen of a college, except that they are destined, in the majority of cases, to a protracted term in the Senate's senior class—perhaps to remain in it for the rest of their lives. The Constitutional plan of electing Senators for six years, dividing the total number among the three Congresses which make up that period, not only has given the Senate continuity from the foundation of the Government, but brings with each biennial election a new reflection of popular feeling.

It sometimes happens that a new Congress will be more strongly Republican in the Upper House and less so in the Lower, or vice versa, than the preceding Congress. This is outwardly anomalous when it is considered that the same votes which elected the members of the National House chose the Legislatures, in most cases, that were to elect the Senators. Both bodies would respond to the ups and downs of the same party tide, were it not that in the House of Representatives the contrast is with that of two years before, while each class of newly elected Senators contrasts with those of six years preceding. For example, the House chosen in 1898 had a much smaller Republican majority than that of 1896. The Senate, however, increased in Republicanism, because the class of Senators then coming into public life was heavily Republican, as against a class elected on the Cleveland tidal wave of 1892.

Last year, such was the strength of the Roosevelt ticket that both Houses will be more Republican in the coming

Congress than they were in the Fifty-eighth. This indicates that the Republican tide rose higher throughout the country in 1904 than it had done in 1898, carrying more States, and also that it was stronger than in 1902. The Upper House thus represents in its political complexion certain long-distance tendencies of our political system. A wave of party power may spend its force on the House in a single two years, and the succeeding House go over to the opposition. The Republican party may control the Presidency for but a single term, but in the Senate the present Roosevelt tide will show itself until March 4, 1911. Until that time, at least, the members soon to begin real work will have votes.

But there are larger considerations for thoughtful Americans to weigh, as each new class of Senators enters our great college of statesmanship, than its bearing on party majorities, however interesting this may be. A Senatorship is almost a life position, and such is the overshadowing influence of the Senate in all affairs of government that the election of a man to it makes him a trustee of the country's interests. Though Senators represent States, they belong to the Nation.

Of the thirty Senators of the class of March 3, 1911, seventeen have been re-elected, and so may be rated as having a place in the permanent senior class. These are Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Beveridge, of Indiana, Burrows, of Michigan, Clapp, of Minnesota, Clark, of Wyoming, Culberson, of Texas, Daniel, of Virginia, Depew, of New York, Dick, of Ohio, Hale, of Maine, Kean, of New Jersey, Lodge, of Massachusetts, McCumber, of North Dakota, Money, of Mississippi, Proctor, of Vermont, Scott, of West Virginia, and Taliaferro, of Florida. Of the remaining thirteen places one remains

vacant, due to the Addicks complication in Delaware; three are filled by men who are returning to public life after some interruption. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who was Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1892, had been Commissioner of the Land Office, and between 1895 and 1901 was a United States Senator, returns to his favorite field of activity. His State was carried over by the Democrats on free silver, but has gone back to the Republican party on the wool tariff and the popularity of President Roosevelt. George Sutherland, who comes to the Senate from Utah, served a single term in the House of Representatives a few years ago, making an excellent impression. Isidor Rayner, who now comes to the Senate from Maryland, has served six years in the House of Representatives. These are thus old men with a new start.

Those Senators who are entering the freshman class new to its work include Frank P. Flint, of California, William Warner, of Missouri, Elmer J. Burkett, of Nebraska, Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, and George S. Nixon, of Nevada. With these should be included three men of this class whose appointments followed a death in office during the Fifty eighth Congress: Joel P. Frazier, of Tennessee, who succeeds William B. Bate; Philander Chase Knox, of Pennsylvania, the successor of Mr. Quay; and Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, who followed General Hawley.

Three other new Senators, although assigned to different classes from that expiring in 1911, who deserve to be included in any summary of new men, are Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, who took Senator Hoar's place in the class of 1907; Frank B. Brandegee, of the class of 1909, who succeeds Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut; and James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, who also enters the class of 1909. He takes the place laid down by Mr. Fairbanks, who did what so few men are ever willing to do in exchanging a seat in the Senate, with a vote, for a seat without one, in exchanging a six years' term for four years, and an office with the traditions of long tenure for one to which no

man has been re-elected since John C. Calhoun. Mr. Fairbanks must have had something else in mind besides the Vice-Presidency when he made it possible for Representative Hemenway to be one of the new men of the Senate.

It may be interesting to note that of the thirty places in the class of 1911, Republicans fill twenty-three, the Democrats six, while on the vacancy in Delaware the Republicans hold a mortgage if they can succeed in foreclosing it. The class elected in 1898, who went out of office last spring, stood twenty-three to seven; the Republicans gained Montana and Missouri, and lost Maryland. The class elected in 1892 contained fifteen Democrats, ten Republicans, one Populist, and three vacancies, showing how "times have changed," politically speaking.

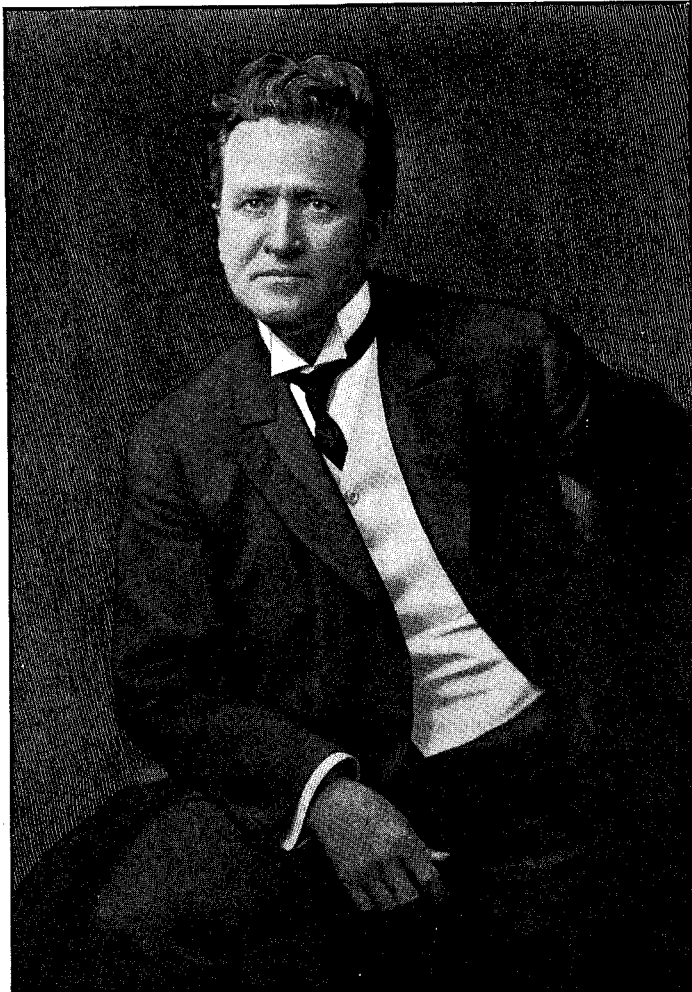
The positions from which these new Senators come would surprise "the fathers." Knox went from the Cabinet, a direction in which all men like to move, while few will consent to make an opposite change. Mr. Sherman twice left the Senate to go to the Cabinet, but his experience was exceptional. The Senate to-day contains several men who left the Cabinet to accept seats there, but the Cabinet no ex-Senators. The House of Representatives furnishes Hemenway, Burkett, and Brandegee. The gubernatorial office in the States was the stepping-stone for Frazier, of Tennessee, Crane, of Massachusetts, and La Follette, of Wisconsin. Upon the latter the office has such a hold that at the date of writing it is somewhat in dispute whether he will go to the Senate or not, making perhaps the first instance in recent years where a man regarded the Senatorial office as of less consequence than the gubernatorial. This is, however, in line with the theories of the founders. In several instances in the early days of the Republic, as Henry Sherman Boutelle showed at his Chapel Hill address, men left the Senate to accept the Governorship of their State, and in the official order of precedence in Washington to-day a Governor ranks a Senator. But for a man actually to prefer the Governorship to a Senatorship is so extraordinary that Mr. La Follette's

course has attracted wide attention. David B. Hill, for a time, held both offices, for political reasons.

The other Senators come from private life, although in several instances they have held, or were holding, minor offices at home.

would leave such a place of leadership in one to become a mere freshman in the other.

At the age of seventeen, on the death of his father, whose fortune had been lost through indorsing bad papers, it fell to James A. Hemenway to assume respon-



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THE HON. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Senator from Wisconsin

James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, is one of the new men likely to make for himself an important place. He goes over to the Senate with the prestige which the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee—year in and year out the best in the House—gives. If the two bodies were co-ordinate, as the Constitution intended, few members

would leave such a place of leadership in one to become a mere freshman in the other. At the age of seventeen, on the death of his father, whose fortune had been lost through indorsing bad papers, it fell to James A. Hemenway to assume respon-



plunge in." To do this has ever been a characteristic of his. There he remained eighteen months, sending back to the family at Boonville all his earnings except the minimum necessary for his own support. With an elder brother he next took up land in Kansas, toiling

tier, making a living in that way for the family at home. In the year that Garfield was elected President, young Hemenway returned to Boonville, Indiana, where he has lived ever since. He worked first in a livery stable, and later in a tobacco factory. While doing this,



THE HON. FRANK B. BRANDEGEE

Senator from Connecticut

diligently, only to have their first good-sized crop withered by a hot blast of the prairies. But for this sirocco, Hemenway would probably be a prosperous farmer of Kansas to-day, instead of a United States Senator from Indiana.

The two boys next utilized their team of horses and yoke of oxen to haul meal from Wichita to the settlers on the fron-

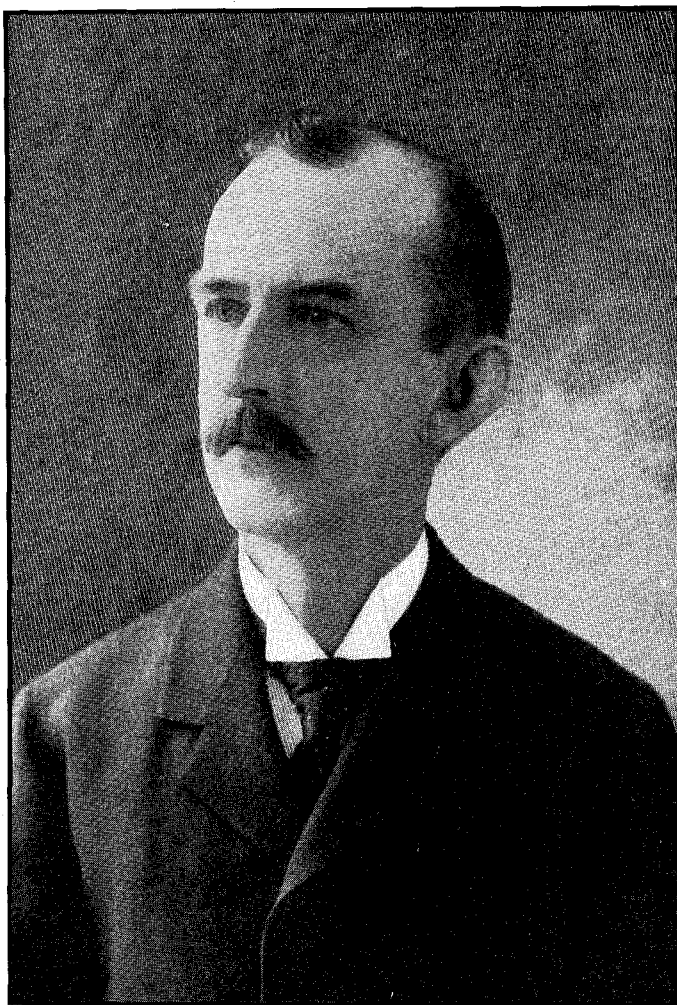
Judge George Rhinehard, now Dean of the Indiana Law School, urged the young man to study law, and helped him in it. The Senator's eldest son bears the name "George Rhinehard Hemenway."

The young law student was chosen public prosecutor before he was admitted to the bar. As the district was Democratic, the Republicans put Hemenway's

name on the ticket to fill it out; but he was elected, and, as it proved, re-elected. His success was due to a vigorous campaign, and to the respect in which he was held by the community.

At thirty-four Hemenway was elected to Congress, where he served five terms,

ciency in revenues is not more taxes but less outlay. He criticises the manner in which public buildings are scattered all over the country, and alludes to the astonishing number of new scientific projects which are constantly urged upon the Government. One reform put into



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THE HON. W. MURRAY CRANE

Senator from Massachusetts

and, on Mr. Cannon's promotion to the Speakership, took his place at the head of the Appropriations Committee. It is not strange that a person of practical experience in life should be somewhat restive under present tendencies in Government appropriations, and Senator Hemenway's latest interview asserts emphatically that the remedy for the defi-

force during his short term at the head of the Appropriations Committee came in the enactment of a stringent provision of law against the expenditures of money by any departmental officer in excess of the appropriation. He found that the practice had grown up for bureau officers to ask for a certain sum, but if they obtained less than that from Congress,

they would go ahead and spend what they had originally asked for, seeking from Congress a deficiency item; or at least they would make the money move at such a rate in the early months of the year that this addition would be necessary unless the wheels of government were to stop.

"How does it happen that you have been spending money so much faster this year than the appropriation permitted?" the Chairman asked.

"I told you we should need as much as we have been spending," answered the bureau officer. "We have been spending it no faster than that. The appropriation was not all that we wanted."

Mr. Hemenway made up his mind that Congress was to have something to say regarding expenditures, and so he wrote into the statute-books a few lines which created considerable worry among the department officers during the last few months of the fiscal year. Although he presents forcefully and vigorously whatever he has to say, he is not a great speaker. He is essentially a modest man, quiet and unassuming, but trained in the Indiana school of politics, and not unmindful of the political effects of whatever Congress thinks of doing.

More visitors to the galleries of the Senate will want to have Robert M. La Follette pointed out than any other new member of that body. He has been a picturesque character from his first appearance in Congress, when only twenty-nine years old, and about his head of late has centered one of the bitterest controversies that any State has known. Into the merits of that dispute this article will not attempt to go. Curiosity now concerns itself chiefly as to whether John C. Spooner will escort his young colleague to the desk to receive the oath of office, according to custom, or leave Governor La Follette to pick out somebody else as next friend.

Mr. Spooner is one of the great leaders of the Senate. His name attaches to several conspicuous measures. Wisconsin people are naturally proud of him, and they organized "Spooner Clubs" at the time his re-election to the Senate was threatened. But for Spooner's personal influence, La Follette's sweep would

have been even more complete than it is, although the young man has little to complain of, for he was originally nominated for Governor by a State organization that did not like him, largely to get him out of the way. He had been hammering on the door so loudly and emphatically, in the name of certain reforms, that the dominant leaders thought the easiest course was to give him a couple of terms as Governor, when it was assumed that his political race would be over. But they found in his head "many a Marius," as the Roman said in sparing the youthful Julius Cæsar.

La Follette has had three elections to the Governorship, in the face of large defections from his party, notably in 1904, when it was openly split in two. But such is his popular hold that enough Democrats have always rallied to his support more than to make good any Republican losses. La Follette is a Presidential possibility to-day in the sense that any man of his abounding energy, decided gifts of oratory, and powerful personality need set no limits on his own ambition.

Most of the young men who write for the magazines and the great dailies who have gone into Wisconsin promptly became partisans of the Governor. He is clearly "doing things," and the world likes a fighter. It should, however, be acknowledged that he has alienated from the Republican party of that State a body of men of such respectability and worth, intellectual and moral, that their defection cannot be lightly passed over, or wholly explained as a piece of capitalistic manipulation. La Follette has been a tireless agitator in behalf of direct primaries in distinction from the caucus and convention system. He has wanted better control over the railroads of the State as to their freight rates and also their share in public taxation. He was pursuing the insurance companies long before the Equitable affair was heard of. His enemies call him a "demagogue," while his friends regard him as the greatest champion of the rights of the common people that this generation has seen. His delegates were excluded from the last Republican National Convention almost without dissent, and those of the



Spooner faction given the seats. But the campaign had not progressed far before National Chairman Cortelyou found it expedient and necessary, after a decision by the courts, to recognize the La Follette organization as the Republican party of Wisconsin.

Both Mr. and Mrs. La Follette are graduates of the State University, and both were educated for the law. For a time the sign "La Follette & La Follette" hung over their law office. The young man was elected to Congress in 1884, and served three terms, reaching the Ways and Means Committee, on which he was associated with Major McKinley in the preparation of the tariff bill of 1890. Visitors who look for La Follette will see a short, stout man, with a high forehead, and eyes of the "search-me-through" variety, quick in his movements and emphatic in all his utterances. Either the Senate will prove his Waterloo, as it has of so many persons who have gone to it with a local reputation as reformers, or he will become a pre-eminently interesting figure in that body.

Decidedly in personal contrast with La Follette stands Mr. Crane, of Massachusetts, who is sure to prove a great Senator. Yet he makes no speeches, hardly even enjoys public life, and has been brought to the front by a series of events with the shaping of which he had little to do. A man of great industry, abounding common sense, and of the highest character, in an age when sharp practices dismally overhang public life, his coming to the Senatorial stage is highly welcome. He made the best Governor Massachusetts has had in recent years. His accomplishments in settling up business affairs of the State which had long been vexatious seemed phenomenal. His associations as a rich paper manufacturer and large investor in telephone properties were with the leaders of high finance, but in his adjustment of the railroad relations to the Commonwealth he never swerved from the course of absolute justice which he marked out for himself, and with rare tact brought to pass the settlements upon which he had decided.

Mr. Crane is a prominent member of

the Congregational Church, and has been one of the officers of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He is a man of great liberality and public-spiritedness, although he lives at his Dalton home in exceptional simplicity. His relations with his employees have ever been pleasant. Not long ago an aged workman, informed that his services would no longer be needed, was much distressed in mind, only to find on Saturday night that his pay-envelope carried the usual sum, as it has continued to do ever since. For miles around, throughout the hill country of western Massachusetts, the name Crane has been held in high regard for generations, and never more so than now. It is as a great business Senator, in all those questions demanding talent in administration and courage in the adjustment of affairs, that Mr. Crane will chiefly figure. And public affairs are more than ever demanding business sense and common honesty.

Philander Chase Knox proved so agreeable a change from Matthew S. Quay, when the news of his selection came to the country, as to suggest that it was too good to be true. Pennsylvania now has a Senator who is destined to take a place in the first rank in that body. The time had come when the great business interests of the State felt the need of a high-class spokesman in the Senate, and they arranged with the organization to bring this to pass, for which the country should be profoundly thankful. Mr. Knox had been persuaded to accept the Attorney-Generalship as a matter of public duty, a place which he filled with great dignity and ability; his peculiar part in the Senate will doubtless be in dealing with much the same sort of legal questions with which Mr. Spooner and the late Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, have been acknowledged masters.

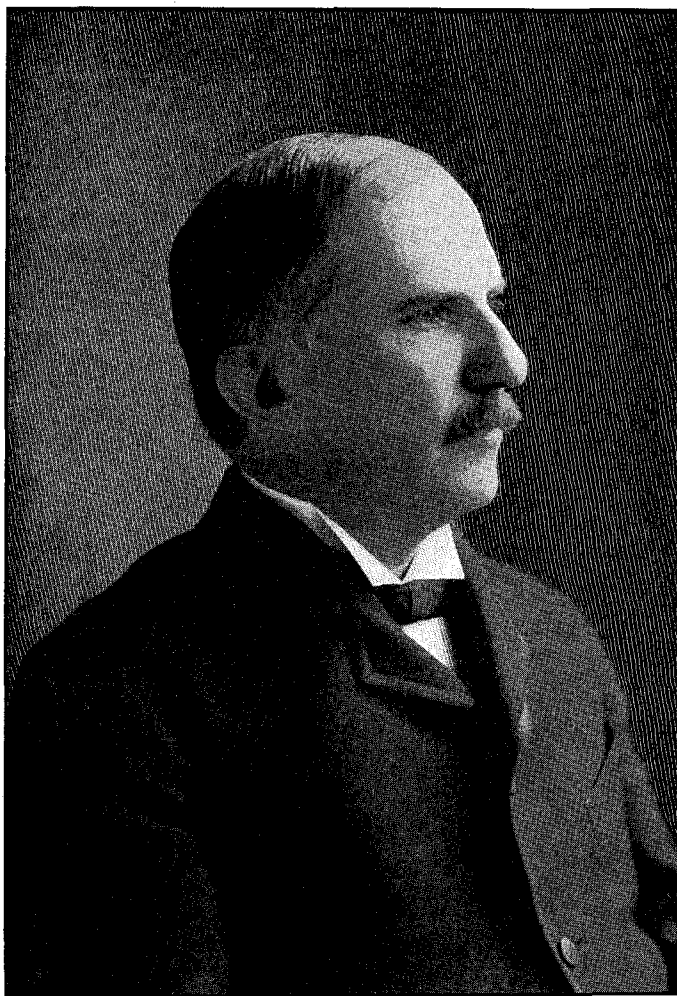
Mr. Knox is in his fifty-third year, but looks much younger. His father was a banker who gave his son the advantages of a good education. While still an undergraduate in Mount Union College, he met William McKinley, at whose Cabinet table he eventually sat. In 1875 Mr. Knox was admitted to the Allegheny



County bar, and was shortly after made Assistant District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, the only office he ever held until confirmed as Attorney-General. His success at the bar has been marked, chiefly as a counselor.

The new Senator knows how to play as well as to work. He is an enthusias-

mon oversight of treaties, and in the ratifying of nominations to office. It is possible, however, to exaggerate the President's relation to the Senate, as do the persons who are now writing to Mr. Roosevelt asking him to exclude Reed Smoot from the Senate, or to forbid his taking the oath. Fortunately, with all



THE HON. ISIDOR RAYNER  
Senator from Maryland

tic golfer, an adept at fishing, and is very fond of horses, of which he has a well-filled stable.

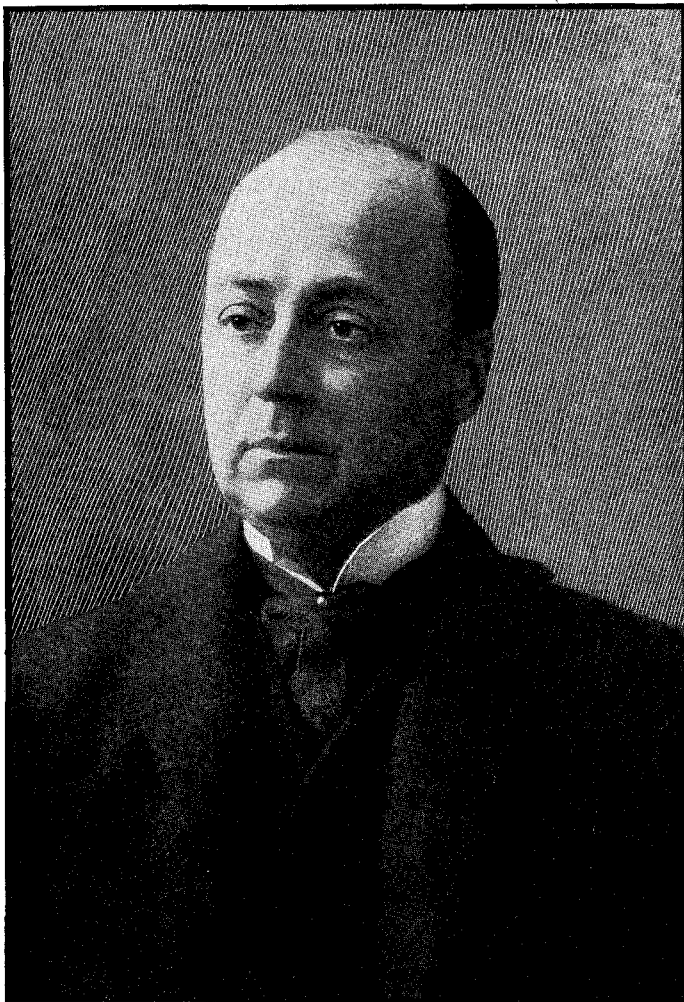
Although President Roosevelt was reluctant to lose Mr. Knox from the Cabinet, he was only too glad to have another friend of this caliber in the Senate, for the relations of that body to the President are very close, through their com-

mon oversight of treaties, and in the ratifying of nominations to office. It is possible, however, to exaggerate the President's relation to the Senate, as do the persons who are now writing to Mr. Roosevelt asking him to exclude Reed Smoot from the Senate, or to forbid his taking the oath. Fortunately, with all

his other duties, Mr. Roosevelt does not have to serve as Committee on Admissions to the United States Senate. Frank B. Brandegee is a fortunate young man. At the age of forty-one, after a short and necessarily inconspicuous service in the House of Representatives, he has been elected to the Senate from the land of steady habits, which

will probably retain him in that place for the rest of his life, as the successor of Orville H. Platt. If the example of a great predecessor counts for anything, Mr. Brandegee should prove a strong Senator, since he takes the place of one of the most genuinely useful men that the United States Senate has ever known.

Yale in the class of 1885, traveled extensively, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, becoming a member of the firm of which his father, who had been a member of Congress from that district, was the head. Brandegee's first important office was that of Corporation Counsel of New London. He was also



THE HON. PHILANDER C. KNOX  
Senator from Pennsylvania

Mr. Brandegee is a more finished speaker than was his predecessor, possessing, in fact, distinct oratorical talent, particularly as a master of epigram. This, and a large share of native wit, have given rise to the notion in some quarters that he is cynical. All, however, recognize his ability.

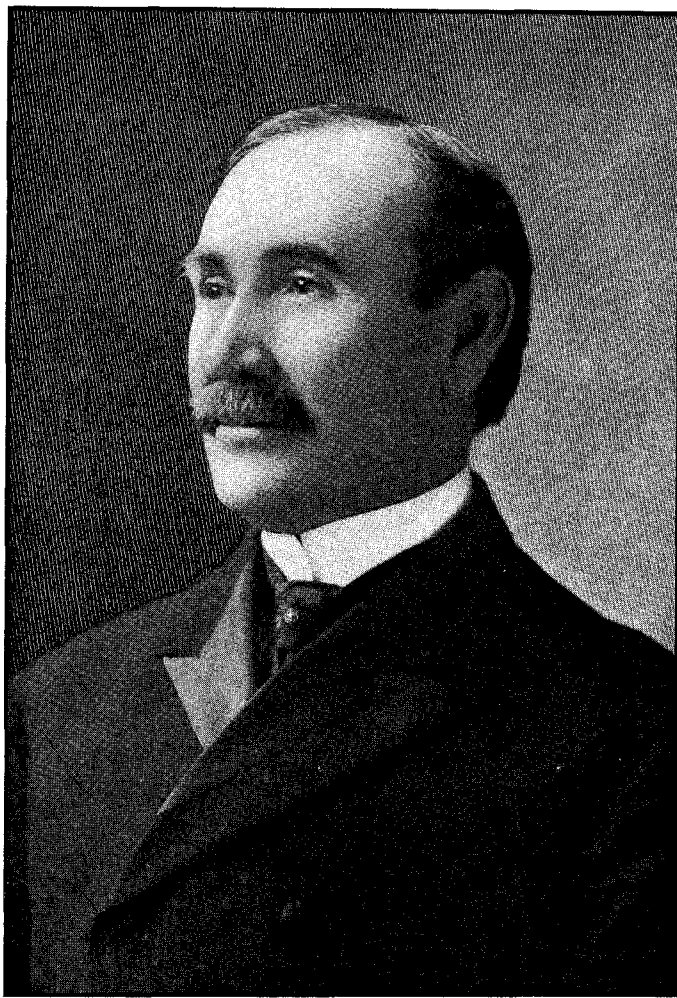
Young Brandegee was graduated from

made a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and a delegate to the National Convention which nominated Harrison. The year that he was admitted to the bar he was elected to the Legislature, and in 1897 became its Speaker. The country will expect to hear from him in the Senate.

Isidor Rayner's election was a nota-

ble victory for the independent Democratic newspapers of Baltimore and the more liberal element of the party. His fight was essentially that of the individual, and his victory showed the room there was in Maryland for old-fashioned oratory and editorial appeals. The large

of middle ground between the regular organization and the independents. His prominence before the public has been that of a man who appealed to his fellow-citizens from the rostrum, and who made his mark in Congress as a speaker on the floor. He has been a great cam-



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON

THE HON. JAMES A. HEMENWAY

Senator from Indiana

Jewish element in Baltimore also contributed something to this result, not only affirmatively, but because the Democrats of other faiths did not like to neglect this opportunity of winning their favor.

Mr. Rayner had never been a straight-out fighter against the Gorman-Rasin machine, but instead has occupied a sort

paigner, having participated in twenty-five campaigns, in only seven of which was he a candidate for office. Of the four times that he ran for Congress he was thrice successful. He did not support Bryan in 1896, but, having been elected Attorney-General in 1899 on the regular ticket, threw in his strength for the Democratic candidate in 1900,



giving most of his attention to the anti-imperialistic issue. Mr. Rayner came before the public conspicuously in the Schley trial, in which he was counsel for the Maryland Admiral. He will not prove "a bump on a log" in the Senate, or anywhere else, for that matter. He always has views, and expresses them vigorously.

After a prolonged legislative fight which threatened to result in no choice, and led persons no less conspicuous in the Republican party than Secretary Root to express the wish that Missouri would disregard politics and send Mr. Cockrell back to the Senate, the honor fell to William Warner, the first Republican Senator elected from Missouri since reconstruction days.

Mr. Warner is a typical product of the Middle West. When the Civil War broke out, he was teaching a country school in Wisconsin. Telling the pupils not to come back unless another teacher could be found, he went to the front, and served until the close of hostilities, when he was mustered out as a major in the Forty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment. He has been conspicuous in the Grand Army, and in 1888 was elected its National Commander.

Major Warner was elected City Attorney when Kansas City was new, and later became its Mayor. He was defeated for the Governorship of Missouri by William J. Stone, now his Senatorial colleague. He has served as United States District Attorney under four Presidents, and was a member of Congress for two terms, and was twice offered the position of Commissioner of Pensions. President Roosevelt did this when Eugene F. Ware retired, and Pres-

ident Harrison had made a similar tender sixteen years before. The President eventually found another Warner, Vespasian by name, to accept that office.

An effective speaker, and possessed of great geniality, Major Warner will make himself felt in the Senate, although he begins too late in life to have the promise of the greatest career; the further liability of Missouri's going Democratic at any time contributes in the same direction.

This new class also includes Elmer J. Burkett, of Nebraska, who has been a member of the House for six years, and who last year had the unusual honor of a nomination from his district for the House of Representatives and from the State Convention for the Senate. Samuel H. Piles, of Seattle, is another new man who comes direct from the law office. Frank P. Flint, California's contribution to the class of 1911, was born in Massachusetts, but has risen rapidly in California. He received an appointment as United States District Attorney for the Southern District of California, but on the expiration of his term Senator Bard would not recommend him for reappointment. Flint turned his attention to law and banking, and at the end of Bard's term succeeded in displacing him, backed by the regular organization.

Ten years from now it will be possible to make a much better estimate of the worth of these new Senators. Most of them will be in office then, if the precedents of the day prevail, and they will have made history for their country as well as for themselves. On the whole, it looks like a rather strong entering class, to continue its analogy to academic halls.

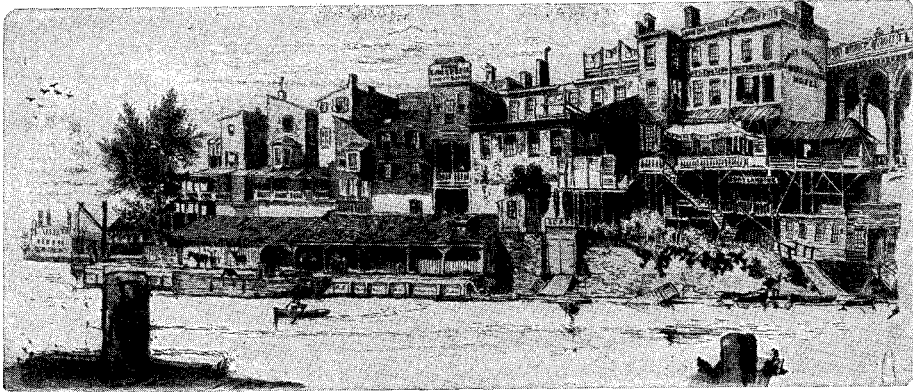






PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON

JOSEPH PENNELL



SAUERKRAUT ROW, PHILADELPHIA

An early example of Mr. Pennell's work, done about 1882

# JOSEPH PENNELL

## ETCHER, ILLUSTRATOR, AUTHOR

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL

**A**MONG producers of fine pictures of various kinds it is the able and original illustrator who most quickly wins recognition and fame, and of all artists it is he who is the most necessary and most beneficial to civilization. Literature is certainly the enormous power for good that we know, but many books and periodicals would be maimed and incomplete if unaided by an illustrator of the right sort. For example, what a loss it would have been if that familiar little masterpiece, Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," had been originally printed and published without the admirable illustrations of Sir John Tenniel!

Unfortunately, this happy unity between author and artist is none too general, and many contemporary illustrations, although not necessarily bad as pictures, are nevertheless "*from the purpose*," as Hamlet says, and actually fight against and weaken the text which they attempt to elucidate and emphasize.

Next after the illustrator it is probably the really able original etcher to whom fame comes quickly; and after him, in a descending scale, come the portrait

painter, then the painter of other subjects, and, last of all in order of quick promotion, the sculptor. His statue or group cannot easily be multiplied, is difficult to move from place to place, and for these reasons must long remain comparatively unknown, while, on the contrary, the picture of the illustrator is examined by thousands of people in thousands of different places from the very day of its birth.

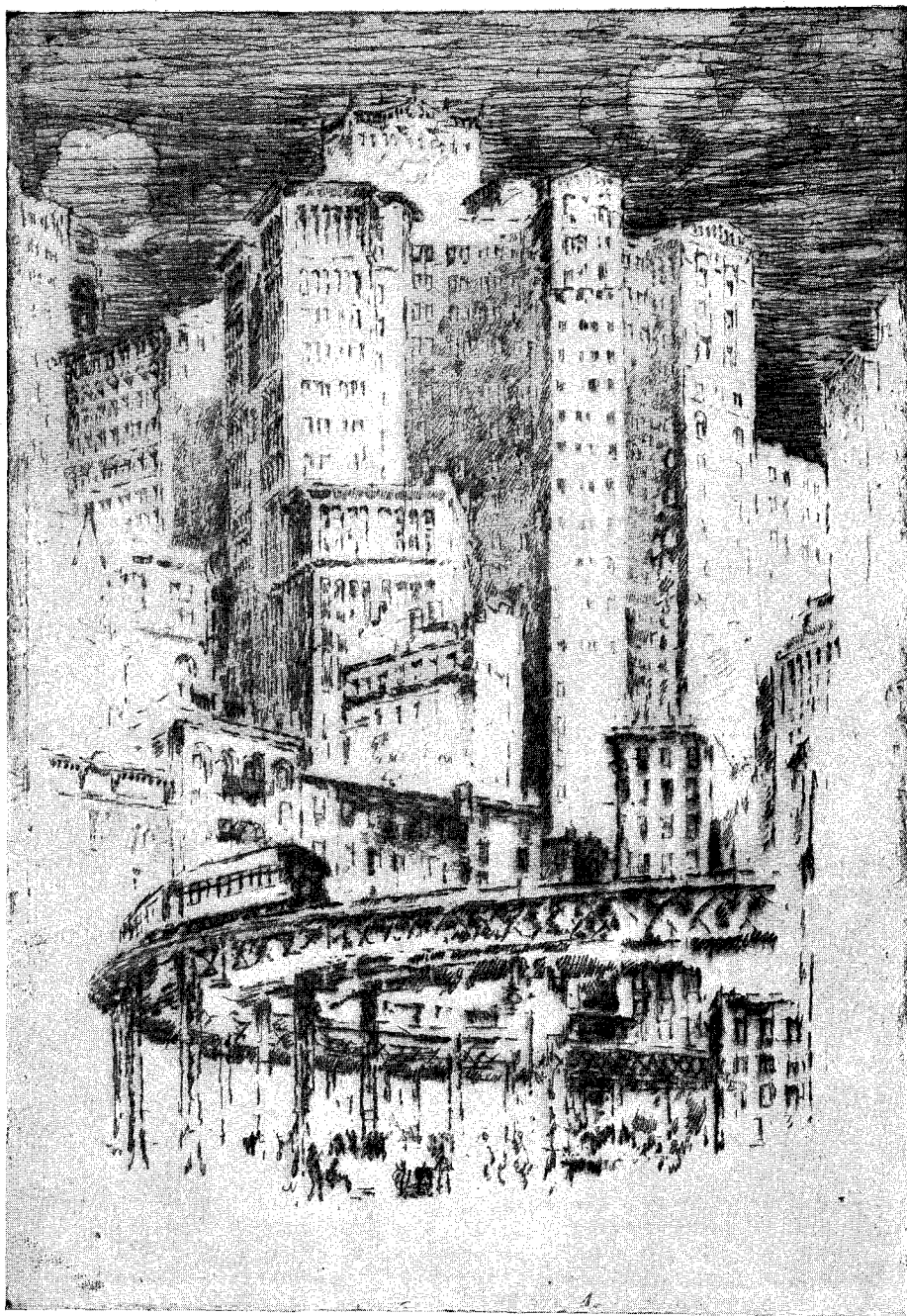
Of the many famous painters who thus won early recognition by means of etching or illustrating, or through both, I may mention Whistler, Sir John Everett Millais (late President of the London Royal Academy), the Frenchmen Meissonier and Charles Jacque, and one of our famous Philadelphians, Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. In company with these eminent names we may place the name of Mr. Pennell. If, unlike the others, he is not yet famous as a painter, it is solely because the publishers and the public have not hitherto allowed him the time necessary for the making of paintings in oils, water-colors, and pastels; but he has produced a few beautiful pictures of these kinds, although he has not yet





THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER





"THE CLIFFS"

This etching and the two following belong to the "Sky-scrapers of New York" series, Mr. Pennell's most recent work



exhibited them. Moreover, he is still a young man.

Joseph Pennell—like Whistler, Abbey, and other famous artists of American birth—has won name and fame in Europe before American recognition came to him. He comes of good old Quaker stock, and was born at Philadelphia on the fourth of July, 1860. He is the son of the late Larkin Pennell, who was an eminent member of the Society of Friends, and whose first American ancestor came to our shores in company with William Penn when the latter made his second voyage from England to the province of Pennsylvania.

I think that pictorial art—like music, rich dress, and certain other artistic but worldly vanities—was disallowed by the sternly conscientious first followers of George Fox; but, be that as it may, Joseph Pennell from his early boyhood was resolved to become an artist, and that indomitable “backbone” which distinguishes him as a man must have made difficult things easy to him as a boy.

His training began at the Philadelphia Industrial Art School, and was continued and completed at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. This was during the years when that admirable man, the late James L. Claghorn, was its President. Mr. Claghorn belonged to the very best type of American citizenship; one of those essentially “big” and forceful men—president of this, chairman of that, trustee of the other public institution, but withal thoroughly democratic and quite devoid of all pretense or self-importance. This was the man who first made me acquainted with the work of Joseph Pennell, who was not then twenty years old, and I well remember the glow of pride on Mr. Claghorn’s handsome face as he showed me certain etchings representing street scenes in Philadelphia, and his remark, “This is original work by one of our own boys; now what do you say to *that*?”

These first essays of the “prentice hand” were little more than the prophecy of what the master hand was to do later, and yet they were full of good augury. Some of the essential qualities were already manifest—such as the unerring eye for the picturesque, and also that

instinct for good drawing which we may compare to the delicate natural ear for music which renders it almost impossible for its happy possessor to sing a note out of tune. In both cases competent instructors can—and indeed must—develop and educate the gift which is in-born in a true artist; but if this gift is not there, the teachers can never create it.

In the vital quality of appropriateness, as contrasted with irrelevancy, Mr. Pennell’s illustrations are certainly unsurpassed; and it would be as difficult to find among them a picture which does not materially aid the text as it would be to find one which, in itself, is not a veritable work of art. But besides his acknowledged power as a draughtsman for illustration, his technical knowledge of reproductive processes gives him a distinct advantage over most of his confrères, so that his drawing is pretty sure to “print” well in the page of a magazine or book, because he knows so well how to make his picture with that particular end in view.

Another rare endowment is his peculiar faculty for giving to each one of his pictures its own true local aspect, so that there is no mistaking an American for an English scene or a Spanish for an Italian view. Very few artists possess this faculty of discarding their own particular national point of view and of absorbing the changed character of different foreign countries—no two of which are alike. The opposite condition is strongly felt in the case of the portraits of Americans whom we know, and which are painted here by visiting foreign artists of considerable reputation; such pictures may display all the brilliant cleverness of the modern French school, and may even be good as likenesses, yet we are sure to suffer from the “Frenchy” flavor which the foreign artist has unconsciously superadded.

But all this while we are leaving Joseph Pennell as a promising young art student in peaceful Philadelphia, whereas his fame was to be won a thousand leagues from his native city. We must follow him to Europe, whither he went in the year 1884; but, if we let him go there alone, this chronicle would be so incomplete as to be quite worthless. Another

good Philadelphian must go with him, so inseparable for the last twenty years is the work of the two, although the one never does the particular work of the other.

I well remember hearing that man of genius, Henry Ward Beecher, say in a sermon, "When God gives a man a good wife, that man will thereafter have little need to pray to his Creator for other blessings." We all know of the beautiful union between Robert Browning and his wife Elizabeth; but this historic intellectual partnership was not more complete than that between Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

The parallel is not without divergences. As poets the Brownings were (in a noble way) "two of a trade," while Mrs. Pennell never makes a picture—although she understands pictures so well; but, on the other hand, Mr. Pennell sometimes writes a book or a detached article, and this is the particular province of his wife. Another divergence from the parallel is that, while Mrs. Browning was strong in her intellect, her physical health was wretchedly feeble, whereas I verily believe that Mrs. Pennell hardly knows what it is to be tired either in mind or body, or, if she does, she never shows it.

The many Americans who have experienced her charming and simple hospitality in London would, I am sure, like to have me go on and on with this part of my subject, and it is with an effort that I "keep my mouth as with a bit and bridle," and shorten all that I would like to say in my enthusiasm for Mrs. Pennell. We all know her books and magazine articles, but it is not so generally known that she is the writer of the widely read London letters of art criticism, signed "N. N.," which for years have regularly appeared in the New York "Evening Post" and in the "Nation." To me these articles are the best of their kind; at least, I have learned more from them than from the writings of any other of the excellent writers of contemporary art criticism, for not only is their author endowed with "the pen of the ready writer," and thoroughly equipped with knowledge and understanding of her subject, but she also takes the pains to

gather and then distribute definite, timely, and accurate information concerning art and artists. Her latest book, as yet unpublished, is the biography of her own uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, whose "Hans Breitmann Ballads" made him famous a generation ago, and whose books on the Gypsies are so well known. A much thinner disguise than Mrs. Pennell's "N. N."—which is simply two letters taken from the middle of her surname—is in the case of the ubiquitous "J—," a gentleman who figures so interestingly in her books of travel; but intelligent readers will have small difficulty in guessing the identity of this mysterious "J—"!

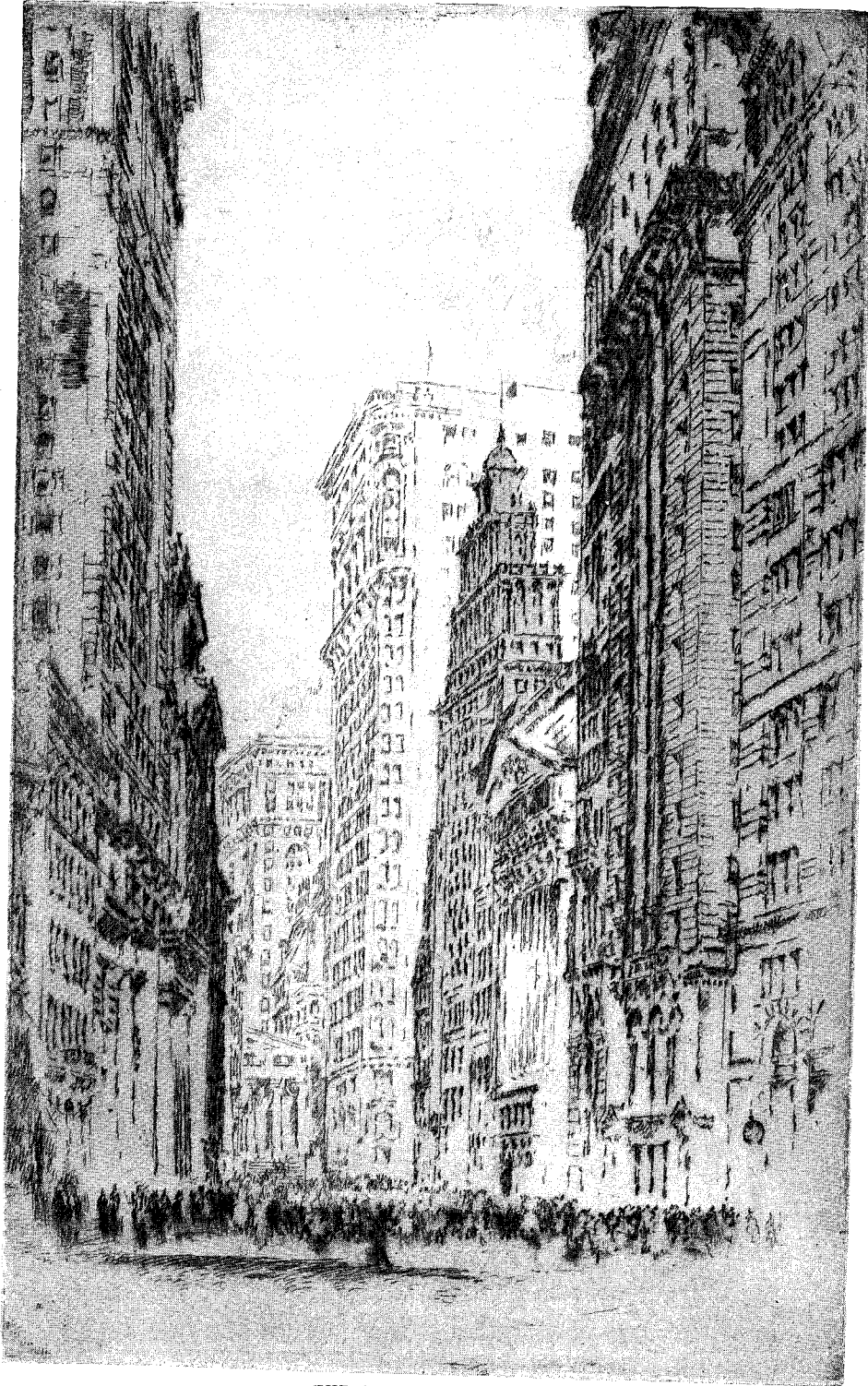
Thus it was that this bright and enthusiastic young couple left Philadelphia and settled in London; and thus began their notable artistic and literary work of the last twenty years. To illustrate their position, let us consider the familiar case of new and intelligent tenants taking possession of an old house. The former tenants may have been intelligent also, but they had grown so used to their surroundings that they never once thought of the many improvements which were obvious enough to the newcomers. It was with the spirit of these new tenants, then, that Mr. and Mrs. Pennell came to "discover" Europe in the year 1884. Things and scenes which were ordinary matters of course to the native Londoners, or the natives of other parts of Europe, were to the young American couple intensely interesting novelties; and it was thus that they saw and felt them, and thus that they described them in picture and book.

Some of the earlier books or single articles which Mr. Pennell illustrated in Europe were written by his wife. The first of these books was "Our Canterbury Pilgrimage," published in 1885. Then followed "Two Pilgrims' Progress" (1886), and "Our Sentimental Journey" (1887). Later came Mrs. Pennell's charming book "In Gypsy-land," which leads the reader through untrodden ways in southeastern Europe. In 1889 appeared "Our Journey to the Hebrides," and in 1890 "The Stream of Pleasure," which was jointly written by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, as was also that



“THE FOUR-STORY BUILDING”





THE STOCK EXCHANGE

important book "Lithography and Lithographers" (1898).

Of books written entirely by Joseph Pennell we have "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (to which I shall devote a separate paragraph later on); "Modern Illustration" (1895); "The Illustration of Books" (1896), being the course of lectures delivered by him at the Slade Art School; and "The Work of Charles Keene" (1897). He has also edited "Pablo de Ségovie"—the edition containing the beautiful illustrations by Daniel Vierge—and "Some Poems by Tennyson," which was done for the sake of the Pre-Raphaelite illustrations which appeared in Moxon's edition about forty years ago.

Next comes the list of Mr. Pennell's illustrations to the writings of various other eminent authors. In 1884 was published "Tuscan Cities," by W. D. Howells; the notable series of illustrations to the "English Cathedrals" of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer appeared from 1887 to 1890; "The Saône," by P. G. Hamerton (1888); the reprint of Washington Irving's "Alhambra," with an introduction by Mrs. Pennell (1897); "A Little Tour in France," by Henry James (1899); "Italian Journeys," by W. D. Howells (1901); "East London," by Sir Walter Besant (1901); "Castilian Days" (1903), by John Hay (whose recent death is mourned by others besides our whole Nation); Andrew Lang's "Edinburgh;" S. R. Crockett's book on his own Scottish country; several books of the "Highways and Byways" series; Maurice Hewlett's "Road in Tuscany" (1904); and "English Hours," by Henry James (1905). Mr. Pennell also directed the illustrating of John Morley's "Life of Cromwell," besides contributing to it many illustrations of his own; and he has also finished the drawings for two forthcoming books of special importance—one of these is on the inexhaustible subject of London, and the other is Marion Crawford's book on Venice. Most of us have learned that when Mr. Crawford writes on an Italian subject he is at his very best.

Truly this is an honorable record. But in addition to Mr. Pennell's illustrations for books by these distinguished

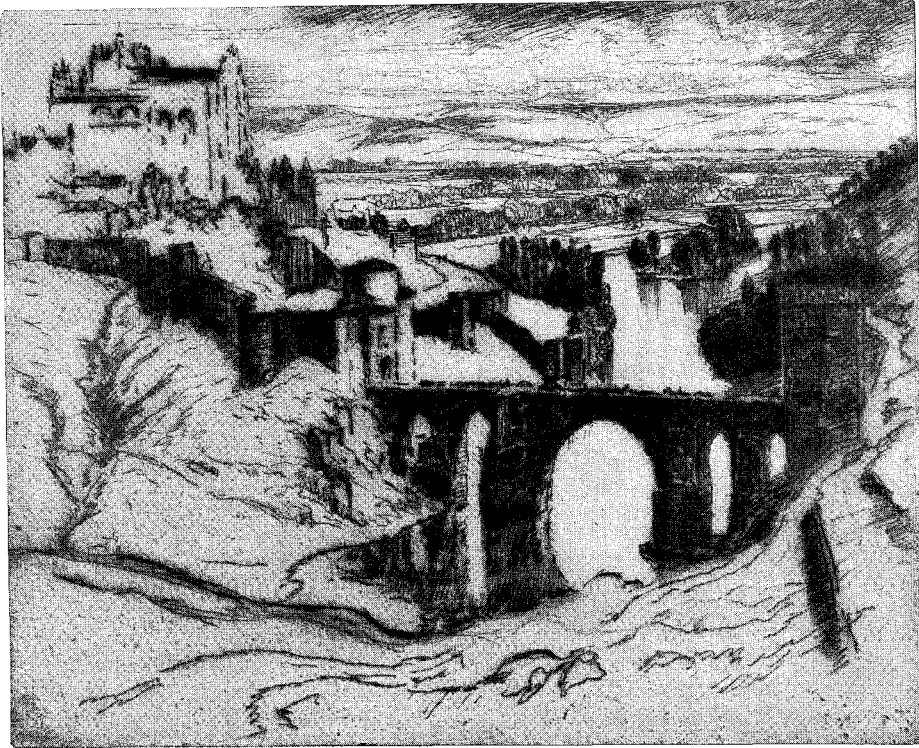
authors he has found time to write at least one book of prime importance—seeing that it was the first book on a new and significant subject, "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (1889), a large and costly work which has already gone through three editions. Thirty years ago there would have been no need of such a book, for before that period the illustrator drew his design upon a piece of boxwood and handed it over to the tender mercies of the wood-engraver; often the engraver spoiled the beauty of the artist's design, but whether he spoiled it or not he always, in engraving it, had to annihilate the actual picture which the artist had drawn. But with the invention of what is vaguely called "process" reproduction of a drawing all this is changed, and to-day the first-class illustrator is in a position to belie the old adage that "you can't eat your cake and have it too;" these artists can eat their cake but still have it. What they do is to sell to the publisher, not their drawing, but only the right to reproduce it. When this is done, by means of photography and "process" work, the original drawing is handed back, intact, to the artist, and he has then the right to dispose of it as he pleases.

This revolution in reproductive methods for the illustrating of books and periodicals has caused (as all revolutions are sure to cause) widespread suffering to innocent persons. The wood-engraver for about four centuries had been indispensable because his was the only kind of picture which could be rapidly printed on a machine press along with the type which printed the pages of the book; and it may here be added that the American school of engravers on wood had become the most artistic and expert in the world. Then it was that the new "process" method was perfected, and thereafter wood-engraving was killed. The new method was found to yield an unerring reproduction of the artist's picture just as he had drawn it, and so it came to pass that what John Ruskin calls "the noble human labor of the engraver" got its death-blow, and the world got one more demonstration of "the survival of the fittest."



Mr. Pennell's forthcoming book, "American Illustration and Engraving," is awaited with special interest. The efficient manner in which he discharged his duties as chairman of the International Jury of Awards for Illustration, Etching, and Engraving at the St. Louis Exposition warrants us in expecting an important book, the more so as his earlier work, "Modern Illustration," shows what he can do when writing on this subject.

an original painter-etcher; for it is in etching that he is, perhaps, at his best. A French writer has wisely said that while artists work daily at painting, it is only on their *good* days that they etch. Another French authority tells us that no one can do a thing thoroughly well unless he can do it with ease. Both of these conditions apply to Mr. Pennell as an etcher. The quality and volume of his work as an illustrator we know; but yet, throughout these busy twenty years and



BRIDGE OF ST. MARTIN, SPAIN

Besides these writings on art subjects, there are others which record the prowess of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell as bicylists throughout the Continent of Europe and even over the Alps. Mrs. Pennell's book, "Bicycling," appeared in 1885, and quite recently Mr. Pennell revisited the Alps on a motor cycle and made the record of being the first man thus to traverse eleven of the difficult passes in a single week. Still another of his activities is represented by the public lectures which he has delivered before certain art societies in England.

Let us now consider Mr. Pennell as

more, it is evident that when an extra "good" day came to him he was pretty sure to make an etching, and that etching was pretty sure to be full of the painter-etcher's prime quality, namely, spontaneity and freshness. Speaking on this subject, the great landscape etcher Sir Seymour Haden has said to me: "An etching which occupies the artist for, say, three days, is in fact the work of three different men; the artist's mood is one thing on Monday, another on Tuesday, and still another on Wednesday; but the freshness and unity of an etching cannot be maintained unless the artist



knows exactly what he intends to do and then does it at once." And in Sir Seymour's pamphlet, "About Etching," he writes: "The painter, by overlaying his work, may modify and correct it as he goes on. Not so the etcher. Every stroke he makes must tell strongly against him if it be bad, or prove him a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is therefore constantly present in his mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at his end." "The faculty of doing such work supposes a concentration and a reticence requisite in no other art."

Whistler was of the same opinion, and although it was not his habit to praise the work of his brother artists, yet in London, when Mr. Pennell made an exhibition of his own lithographs, Whistler contributed to the catalogue the following characteristic little note of introduction: "There is a crispness in their execution, and a lightness and gayety in their arrangement as pictures, that belong to the artist alone." I may add that Mr. Pennell's work in lithography well deserves to be treated in a separate article.

This impromptu spontaneity of his method involves one little drawback—if it be a drawback at all: it is that in his architectural etchings what the French call the *orientation* is reversed; west takes the place of east, and south of north. But in this he follows the precedent of Rembrandt, Whistler, and Seymour Haden. The sole preoccupation of these masters was to make an artistic picture, and they cared nothing at all for observing the points of the compass. The printing of course reverses the design as seen on the etched copper plate.

To have seen Mr. Pennell at work etching a plate is a thing to remember. He loves to depict the towering buildings of crowded city streets. Most etchers of such subjects would make a preliminary sketch on the spot and afterward toil laboriously over the copper plate in the

retirement of their studios; but Mr. Pennell takes a far more direct course, and one which would disconcert almost any other artist. He chooses his place in the crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of passers-by or by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and, what to me seems an astonishing *tour de force*, he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where he is about to draw some vital line of the picture, each line of it being a "learned stroke" such as Sir Seymour Haden insists upon.

Of late he has become the printer of his own plates. The fastidious Whistler was forced to do the same. It is a troublesome operation, but when an etcher prints his own proofs (provided that he knows how to do it), we have the satisfaction of knowing that each proof is exactly what the artist intended it to be. With regard to Mr. Pennell's etched copper plates, it is not generally known that he has already destroyed most of them, including all the earlier ones. This is a wise thing for an etcher to do just as soon as his plate shows the first signs of deterioration from the wear and tear of the printing-press.

As a controversialist in matters concerning art and artists Mr. Pennell's earlier years in London were stormy ones, and he certainly succeeded in making several more or less sleepy critical dignitaries "sit up" in amazement and indignation at his audacity. One of them, a really eminent critic, said to me on this subject: "How dare this rash young American upset our accepted theories, and attack men of established reputation!" But, little by little, a change came about, and these solemn conservative folk awoke to the discovery that when Joseph Pennell published some revolutionary opinion, he was very apt to be in the right! The truth is that to his stern Quaker conscience there is only one law—Right is right, and must be upheld; wrong is wrong, and must be denounced, no matter who may be hurt or who may be offended. Moreover,

his criticisms can be constructive as well as destructive. It was he who discovered and first proclaimed the extraordinary talent of Aubrey Beardsley, and it was he who recalled from partial neglect the merit of the illustrations of such great artists as Charles Keene and Daniel Vierge.

Mr. Pennell's attitude in his controversies gave him a great advantage as compared with the attitude of his own divinity and intimate friend, the great Whistler. In Whistler's controversies the unpardonable sin of his opponent was always committed against the personality of the great man himself, whereas Mr. Pennell, though hating the sin, continued to love the sinner. I remember a quaint demonstration of this, at a time when controversies were being waged rather furiously. Being at his house, I quoted to him the remark of Lady Teazle to her husband, Sir Peter, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," "I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse!" "No more do I," was Mr. Pennell's rejoinder; "personally they are very decent fellows."

Apart from the steady improvement in the quality of his pictures (and that he is twenty-five years older than when I knew him first), I can perceive no change in Joseph Pennell. A positive personality, he was *himself* from the beginning, and he will remain so to the end. His intercourse of twenty years with many distinguished people in London has not imparted to his speech even a trace of the London accent, nor have the more ornate and ceremonious manners of his British and Continental friends changed him in the least from the simple and kindly young Philadelphian whom I first knew. As I write I can almost see him in his London home taking his ease in his library and comfortably "dumped" down in his low-seated wicker armchair. It was in this unceremonious but characteristic pose that Whistler made his portrait—knees and elbows being well in evidence. An outsider seeing him thus would think (begging his pardon) that he was a very lazy man. Joseph Pennell a *lazy* man! Any one who thinks so still has evidently not read the preceding pages.

## Let Us Take Leave of Haste

By Clinton Scollard

Let us take leave of haste awhile,  
And loiter well content  
With little pleasure to beguile,  
And small habiliment—

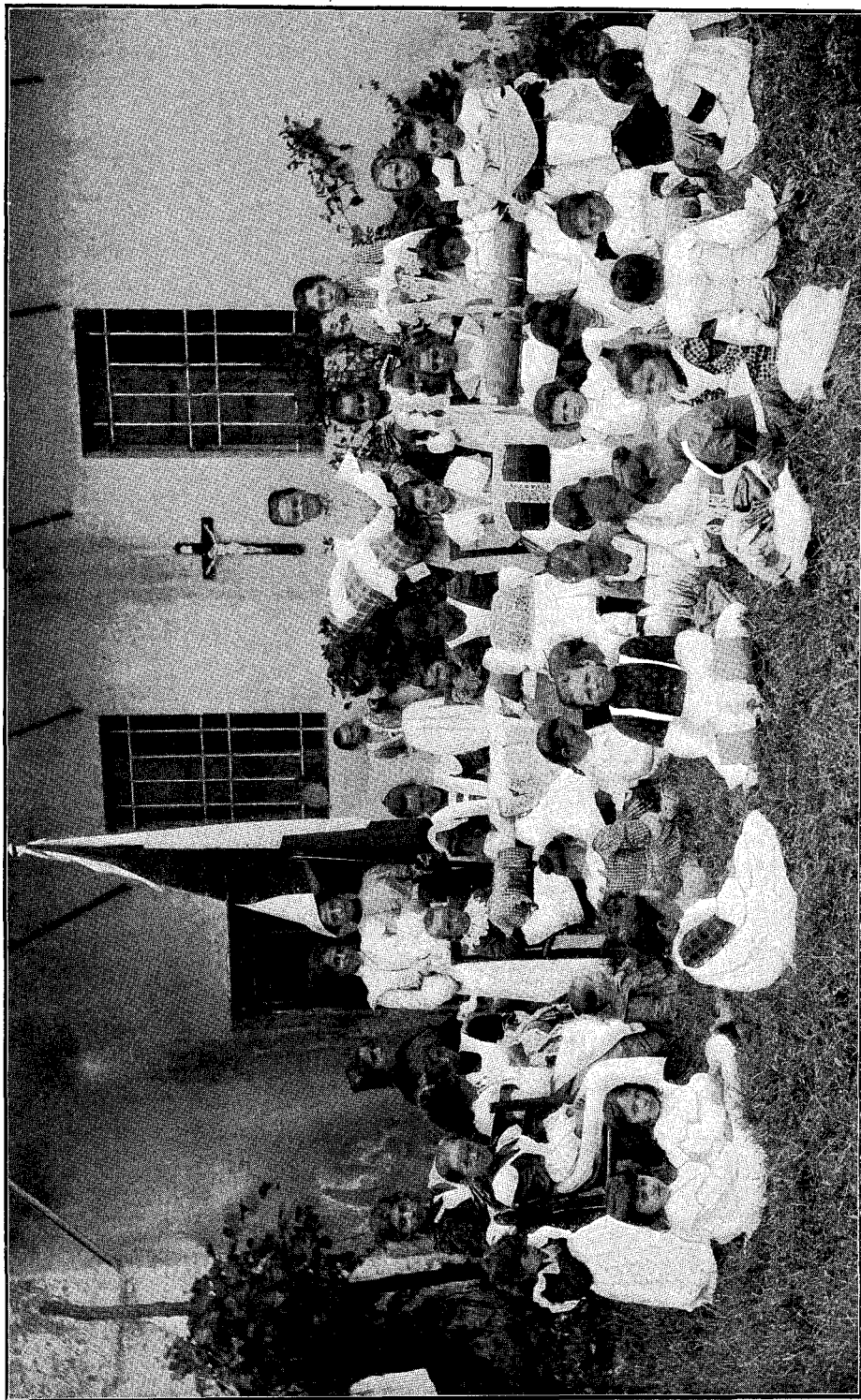
Just a wide sweep of rain-washed sky,  
A flower, a bird-note sweet;  
Some easy trappings worn awry;  
Loose latches for our feet;

A wheaten loaf within our scrip;  
For drink the hillside spring,  
And for true heart-companionship  
The love of loitering.

We want so much, and yet we need  
So very slight a store,  
But in the age's grip of greed  
We hurry more and more.

The woodland weaves its gold-green net;  
The warm wind lazes by;  
Can we forego? can we forget?  
Come, comrade, let us try!





THE LACE SCHOOL AT SAN VITO



# A WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN IN ITALY

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE grass stands high in the meadows. Poppies and daisies bloom there by the billion. Vines hang from tree to tree and the vineyards slope to the sea. White and smooth stretches the hard road; wild roses and morning-glories clamber over the low walls on either side; poplars and plantains shade us.

In front is a great plain—the most populous agricultural district in Italy. The district is rich not only in soil, but in air, and in this sun-steeped air it is doubly blessed, for the nearness of both mountain and sea are apparent in the invigorating breezes that blow over these fields. Nowhere are there more evidences of fecundity than in this land, bearing many crops of many kinds.

To the north and east the plain is bounded by the Carnic and Julian Alps. About seven miles from either range is the hill on which we stand. From our vantage-point we can well appreciate the fact that these ranges—rocky, steep, snow-capped—form the natural northern and eastern boundary of Italy.

Of course the mountains look as they did when Trajan and Attila traversed them. Nor can the plain have changed much, even though the Roman Utina became the Friulian capital Udine and then a favored Venetian stronghold; even though proud old Byzantine Aquileia down there on the coast was snuffed out by Attila nearly fifteen centuries ago; even though pagan temple architecture has been supplanted by that of Christian churches with their bell-towers of perfect proportions, detached from the main structure, as is the custom throughout Venetia.

Church and tower crown many of these long hills, which plunge, promontory-like, into the plain. One such church with its campanile rises just behind us as we stand on this hill of Santa

Margherita, eight hundred feet above the Adriatic. The oldest part of the church dates from the very early Christian centuries and formed the first feudal-ecclesiastical stronghold to the north established by the Patriarchs of Aquileia.

Yet, despite feudalism, the Friuli must always have been a fairly independent folk, as becomes those who reside in this sheltered, favored corner of the earth, and as becomes those who for centuries were under republican rule. We are prone to think of the Venetian Republic as confined mostly to the Island City, the residence of its Doge. Yet the people who lived throughout the Veneto, within a radius of a hundred miles of its capital, were inspired and are still largely inspired by republican sentiments; indeed, they have something of the Swiss about them. Politically and socially they are republicans and democrats rather than monarchists and aristocrats. They are apt not to start with the title of any one about whom they may be talking, but with the personal pronoun. For instance: "He is a good man and a real Venetian—the Pope." "That gentleman—Count di M.—said so and so." With them title seems an incident. The man's the thing.

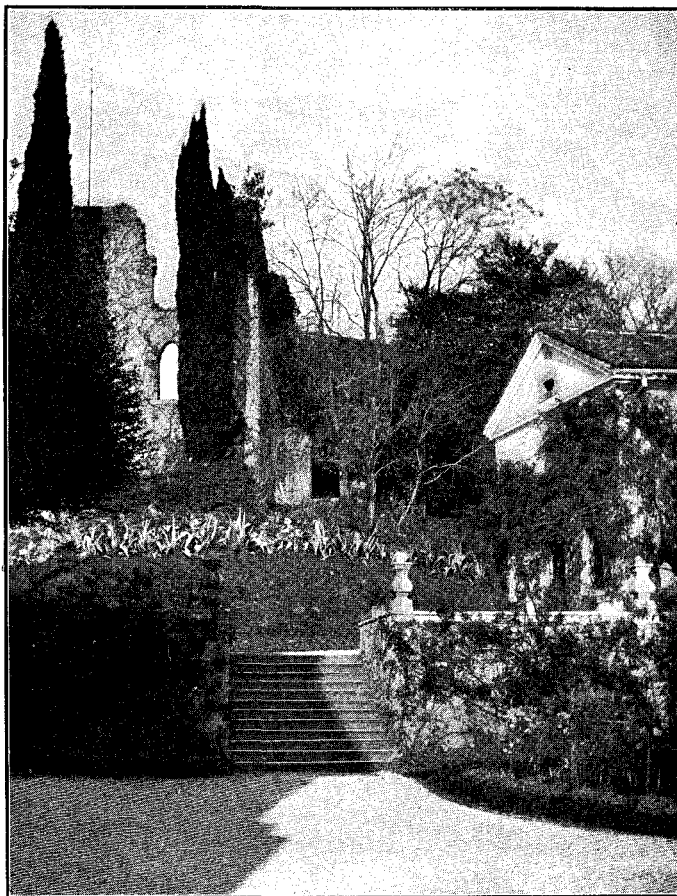
This tall tower of Santa Margherita behind us marks not only the noteworthy Past, but also the noteworthier Present. It marks the location of two institutions, interesting as evidences of social and educational uplift.

The first is a lace school. One enters a long, low building. A hundred small chairs line the walls of the large, cool, brick-paved room where we stand. Little girls from seven years upwards are the pupils. At this time of the year many are needed in the fields, but they can often manage to come for an hour or an hour and a half a day. Once a poor little maiden only four years old wanted

to come, too, but the rules were against taking any one so young. Nothing daunted, she begged some pins and bobbins and persuaded the lace pupils to give two or three yards of their thread to her. And so she began. The littlest laborers are of course set to work by the teachers at simplest designs, and it is a pretty sight to see the tiny tots at their

establish others in the Friuli, and she has done so in half a dozen other villages. Other women in other parts of Italy have now established similar endeavors, until at present thousands of girls are under this capital industrial influence.

But the lace school has been doubly useful. It has taught the peasants throughout Italy that the coin of the



THE RUINED CASTLE OF BRAZZÀ

tasks out-of-doors rather than indoors. The teachers receive from \$4 to \$8 a month. The best lace pupils make from \$40 to \$60 a year, not an inconsiderable sum in this land of low-cost living towards the support of the girl's parents or towards her own dowry.

The lace school is thus a distinct economic gain to the peasants, and has naturally become popular both with parents and children. They urged its founder, Countess Cora di Brazzà, to

realm is not the only money. Time is also money. When a storm comes, the farm hands go to shelter and do nothing. The girls have been working in the fields as busily as the men. The latter are apt to be lazy, but the former take up their lace labor at home. They make about two cents an hour, more in proportion than they would be getting if working in the fields at seventeen cents a day—and a very long day at that.

Thirdly, the lace school has taught

cleanliness to every family and village represented. The school's first pupils were disgustingly filthy in their persons and habits; now, the rule of the white apron and the white sleeve, together with industrial training, has made them at fifteen to eighteen clean as well as capable, and not a little insistent upon the same qualities in the members of their families and in their suitors.

Finally, the lace school is a school of morals. Prize-day is the great day of the year. Here

in the Friuli, for forty miles around, the children gather in the park at Brazzà, not far away from us. The spirit underlying the whole endeavor is shown in the fact that certain moral qualities are rewarded before mere proficiency in lace-making is noticed. Thus, the first prize—a golden three-leaved clover on a gold chain—is given for the three virtues of self-control, order, and truthfulness.



THE LAST TOUCHES AND THE FIRST STITCHES

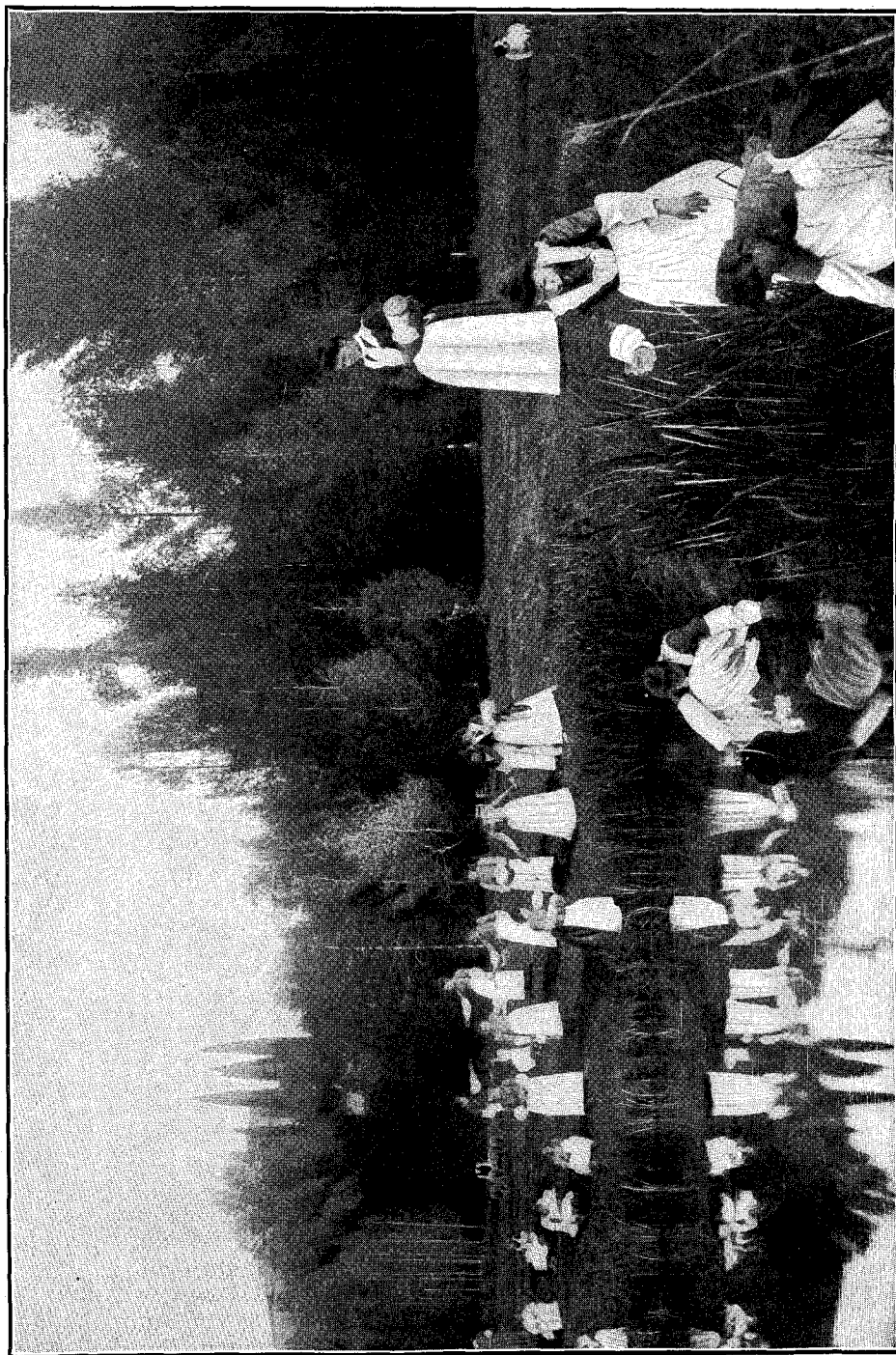
The second prize rewards the co-operative spirit, and goes to the girl who has taught the most to her companions. Every step in these schools is co-operative. When a little girl has learned one or two stitches, she must teach the second stitch to her companions before she herself learns the third. Now that morale has been emphasized, the last prize, a fully equipped cushion, is given to the girl who has done the best work.

The sale of laces shows that middlemen managed to make large profits between the price paid to the girls for their product and that paid by the merchant for it. To do away with this, thus benefiting both producer and consumer, the founder of the lace schools started a society under the name "Le Industrie Femminili Italiane," a national co-operative association for women's arts and crafts, a central clearing-house. In the few years



VIEW OVER THE PLAIN FROM SANTA MARGHERITA



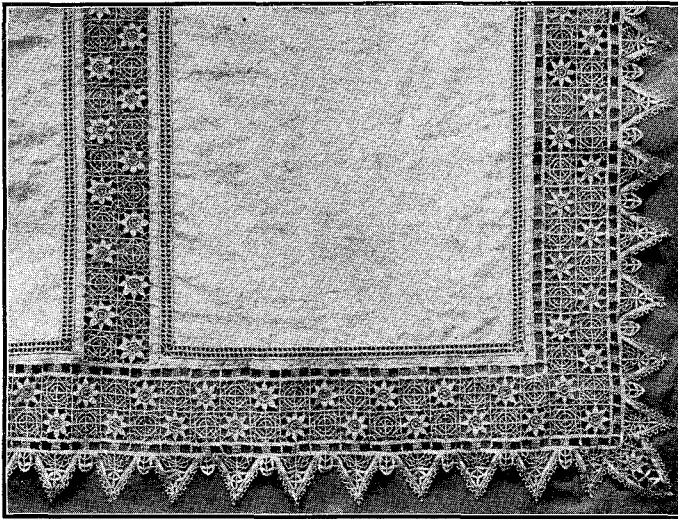


PLAY-TIME IN THE PARK AT BRAZZA

of its existence this society has had a notable success. After paying four per cent. on its stock as well as allowing a discount to stockholders on their purchases, the association ameliorates the condition of its contributors by distributing among them its profits in proportion to the work sold. It does more than merely to open markets to women's work; it has given a marked artistic development to their production, and it has also revived ancient handicrafts which had almost become extinct. For not only may any woman send her lace to the association's shop in the Via Marco Minghetti at Rome for sale, but any artist

crafts represented in *Le Industrie Femminili Italiane* open some other employment to peasant women besides that of the field or the factory.

The creator of these admirable social engineering has this year established a third. It is international and educational in character. It has taken the form of a summer school. Women from any country, bearing acceptable references, may there find a home and opportunities for study while enjoying good food and lodging at reasonable rates, a peculiarly healthful climate, beautiful surroundings, and agreeable companionship. Instruction at low charges is given



SOME OF THE SCHOOL'S WORK

Detail of tablecloth in hand-woven linen and an imitation of Genoese fifteenth-century lace made by the "lace children" for Queen Margherita

or craftswoman or group of women in other departments may send in their work. The society's domain now includes laces, embroideries, knitting, linens, and textiles; work in leather, wood, lava, coral, tortoise shell, ivory and mosaic, paintings, engravings and designs on glass, paper, stuffs, porcelain, enamel, etc.

Among the society's most active patrons are the King, Queen, and Queen-mother. They care about this work because, as they have said, it is a home conservator. Whereas women, going to work in field or factory, have been apt to leave their children at home to run wild, lace-making and the other arts and

in the languages, music, painting, archaeology, folk-lore, and agriculture. The school remains open until November 11. The post-office address of this Santa Margherita Summer School is at Torreano di Martignaccio.

The ultimate aim of this endeavor is not that of a commercial undertaking, where, in exchange for so many dollars, so many ounces of solid information about this, that, or the other thing are to be given. The aim is to bring together women from various countries, breaking down barriers of prejudice between nation and nation, giving them a broader international and individual outlook.





FRANZ X. ARENS

Drawn from life by Kate Rogers Nowell



# The People's Symphony Concerts and their Founder

By Rodman Gilder

CONVINCED that a musical atmosphere in America is what our students of music are most in need of, Franz X. Arens, founder and conductor of the People's Symphony Orchestra, is striving to create such an atmosphere in New York. It was in 1900 that he conducted the first People's Symphony concert, but he had then had the plan in mind for ten years, and he was fitted for the task before him by the whole experience of his life.

Franz X. Arens became an American at the age of eleven. He reached Castle Garden, in company with his father, who was a Rhenish school-teacher and organist, his mother, and a brother, after a voyage of thirty-three days from Bremen. This was in October, 1867. The assets of the family consisted of one Prussian dollar, worth to the unappreciative New Yorker to whom it was offered just seventy cents. This sum was immediately expended upon coffee, a luxury the Arens family had not tasted for the thirty-three days of their crossing.

Within a short time they had joined a brother of Arens, Sr., a farmer who lived near Cleveland, Ohio. Young Arens spent the next few years in this neighborhood, attending school in winter and doing farm work in the summer-time. Here he laid the foundation of that physical force which is characteristic of him to-day. Meanwhile, under his father's instruction, he was pegging away at his music. At fifteen he took charge of a country school, and at the same time of a country church choir and organ.

As soon as he had saved enough to cover his expenses, he took a course at a Wisconsin Normal School and later became a teacher and organist in Milwaukee. He was able to spend a solid year in study and then was appointed teacher of music at St. Canisius College, Buffalo, where he taught nearly everything pertaining to music, and directed a students' orchestra and brass band.

After a few years of this work he spent three years in Germany, two at the Conservatory of Music at Munich and one at Dresden. He took back to America a prize diploma from the Dresden Conservatory, and became conductor of the German Singing Society and the Philharmonic Orchestra in Cleveland. Five years later he went abroad again; studied singing with Professor Julius Hey, of Berlin; and conducted orchestral concerts, devoted to American composers, in Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Sonderhausen, Leipzig, Weimar, and Vienna.

Returning to this country, he spent the next five years in Indianapolis, as director of the May Music Festivals, and later as president of the newly founded Metropolitan School of Music. He then removed to New York.

Mr. Arens thus had every opportunity to observe the relative advantages of the student of music here and in Germany. As a student—and a mighty impecunious student—at Munich and Dresden, he was privileged to attend the opera, free of charge, and to hear all concerts at reduced rates.

"I came to the conclusion," said he recently, "that many a music student cannot go to Europe and that many others should not. From this I conceived the idea of concerts at reduced rates for students, for the purpose of creating for them a musical atmosphere, in quest of which most of them go abroad. As the best professional musicians usually spring from the middle and lower classes, the scheme included the people of these classes, the mothers and fathers of the coming American musicians. Hence the name 'People's Symphony Orchestra for Students and Wage-Earners.'"

In 1900 Mr. Arens organized the Orchestra, and gave the first concert in Cooper Union. The programme included Bach's Suite in D minor and Haydn's Symphony in E major. The critics

were divided between praise of the music and astonishment at the attention and appreciation of the audience. The price of seats was from five to fifty cents each.

Before each number Mr. Arens gave a brief and remarkably clear description of the composition to be performed. This plan has been kept up through the five years of the concerts, and is one of their most useful features.

The inevitable deficit was made good this first season by the conductor himself, and in the following year several persons who had become imbued with his enthusiasm virtually carried the project through. As Mr. Arens was unable to sacrifice another season to the Orchestra, five well-known conductors, receiving a small payment for their services, were engaged to lead the five concerts. Mr. Arens was one of these conductors.

From the Betty Loeb Musical Foundation the Orchestra received in 1902 an endowment for a period of three years, which enabled the Orchestra to create the office of Musical Director. The office was established, and Mr. Arens appointed to fill it. The financial burden of the Orchestra is still, however, upon those who subscribe annually to its fund.

Two years ago Mr. Arens organized the People's Symphony Auxiliary Club, the concerts of which, six in number, are devoted to chamber music and to song, violin, 'cello, and piano literature. Season tickets, costing \$1 (recently raised to \$1.50), are sold to the number of 1,500.

Owing to municipal regulations, the orchestral concerts could not be given in Cooper Union last year and were moved uptown to Carnegie Hall. It was feared that the change would hurt the popularity of the concerts, but this proved not to be the case. In the coming season three or four of the concerts will be given at Carnegie Hall. Cooper Union will have six concerts, which will be repeated at the People's Palace on Lexington Avenue.

For the fifth anniversary concert, to be celebrated this fall, a programme has been arranged to include works of the three greatest composers, contrapuntal, symphonic, and dramatic. The numbers are Bach's Prelude and G minor Fugue, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Wagner's Overture to *Meistersinger*.

Mr. Arens declares that in the concerts the better the music is the better it is liked, and takes great satisfaction in the fact that his audiences consist of laborers, mechanics, shop-girls, students, high school children, and not-well-to-do lovers of music of every variety. Hundreds of tickets were sold last year to the employees of department stores.

"This is not a plan for reclaiming the East Side," he says. "It is an educational project, an attempt to create a musical atmosphere for the people and students of New York, the natural music center of this country. Hence the movement is of almost National importance and has unlimited possibilities. If rightly developed, it should do more for music in America than all the importation of singers, pianists, violinists, and conductors combined. These come and go, playing and singing for only the favored few who can afford to hear them, without leaving any perceptible impress on the National musical life. This life bears within itself untold possibilities because of the inevitable amalgamation of the various musical people who gather on these hospitable shores, the Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Norwegians, Italians, French, Germans, and the rest. Once this amalgamation shall have taken place, I hesitate not to predict that America will become a great, perhaps the greatest, factor in the world's musical progress. But this cannot be unless the budding talents find here that musical atmosphere which is as essential to their unfolding and fruition as sun, air, and soil are necessary to the growth of plants. To create this atmosphere for those who do not know even what the word symphony means should ever be the mission of the People's Symphony Concerts."

# Flowers in the City

By Katharine C. Budd

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WE may walk through many miles of streets in the residential quarters of our cities without finding one well-cared-for plant to relieve the stony monotony. Where foreigners congregate, in the tenement districts for instance, almost every house can boast of a few flowers, perhaps only a geranium in a tin can, a morning-glory climbing around the window-frame, or a cheery sunflower on the fire-escape, but even these humble specimens lend interest that is lacking elsewhere.

Abroad, where people are not handicapped as we are by extremes of temperature outdoors, or by dry, artificial heat within, we notice many a picturesque arrangement of flowers. Vines drip through the iron railings of the balconies, and gay flowers peep over the top. Pots are hung by heavy hooks to the rail or to the sides of the window. The bright spots of color add beauty to the old buildings, the rich green clinging lovingly to the gray stone or the red brick. All classes buy flowers as a matter of course; to be sure, flowers are not expensive, a large bouquet costing but a sou, a whole armful of plants one franc. Venders are to be seen at every corner, with straw trays filled with fresh blossoms, which they can afford to sell cheaply, their sales being so large. The flower market, one of the sights "starred" by the guide-books, is familiar to every one, as an endless number of artists have chosen to paint the long lines of booths and masses of flowers radiant with color in the brilliant sunlight.

It is the custom abroad to live as much as possible out-of-doors in favorable weather, and the streets are lined with cafés and restaurants where one can linger for hours at one of the little tables under the trees. Until very recently, almost the only people who followed this pleasant fashion were the German beer-sellers, who served their customers with beer in their yards, or on the sidewalk, behind a screen of ivy or a hedge

of privet. Nowadays the very best restaurants reserve a balcony or terrace where favored guests eat on hot summer nights. The rows of showy flower-boxes bordering the terrace and the gayly striped awnings stretched over are very attractive. Still handsomer, though less gaudy, are the boxes and shrubs that adorn the principal club-houses, to make them pleasant in the summer for business men whose city houses are closed.

We can get many hints from the treasured flower windows to be found in old country houses. In an old house in Newburyport the sitting-room is bordered, next the ceiling, with English ivy, which, growing year after year, has crept all the way around, making a graceful cornice above the delicate green of the walls. The old mahogany chairs and tables, the rugs braided of faded green and gray, the quaint silhouettes and daguerreotypes, form part of a picture that is completed by the flowers always in bloom at the window. We all know similar rooms, distinctively American, yet as artistic as those the old masters loved to paint. One homely old room has been beautified by that very clumsy plant, the rubber-tree. Eighteen years of tranquil existence have formed a great plant that, after growing to the ceiling, as all good rubber-trees do, has been trained to run across horizontally like a vine, the branches having been tacked up at intervals by strips of green muslin matching the color of the leaves. Fortunately, the room is large and rather rough in finish, or the effect of a heavy "vine" thirty feet long would be entirely out of place.

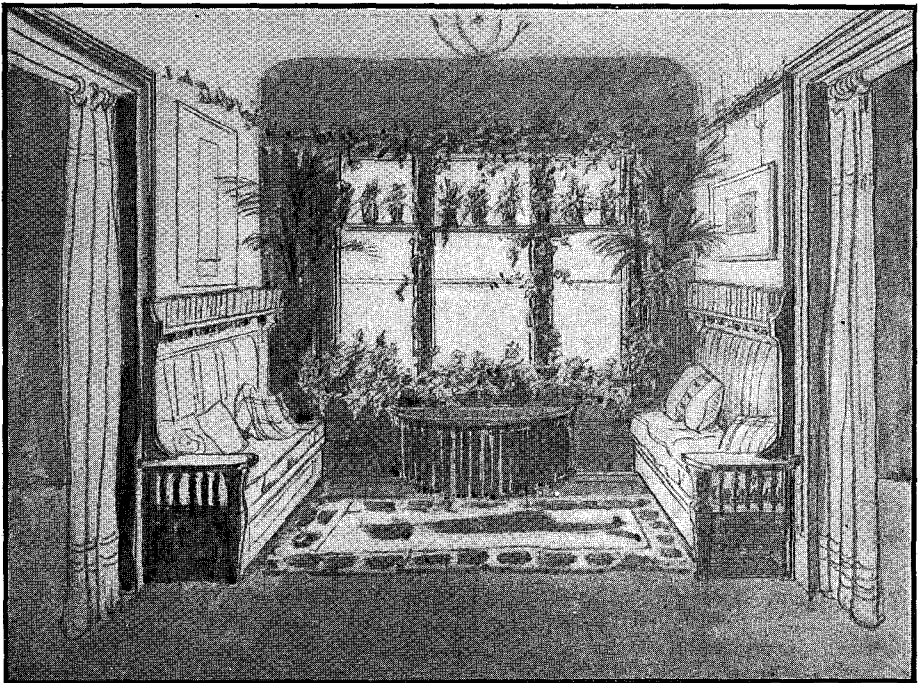
In the country, too, good farmers' wives search, early in the season, for the roots of the first spring flowers, which, brought into the warmth of the house, blossom long before their sisters in the woods have put forth a leaf. A request to one of these people would bring a box generously filled with partridge-vine, anemones, violets, and many



another wild flower, which, planted in a saucerful of damp sand under a glass shade, would give much pleasure while the snow is yet on the ground.

In some cities houses are built with the entrance opening direct on the street, the main floor being at the street level, but in New York the majority of the houses are raised up eight or ten feet above the curb, standing back so that a space intervenes between the wall

charge of this one scrap of city soil than of an acre or two in the country. Around a few of the older houses the grass is still kept in velvety order, with shrubs well trimmed, and sometimes beds of gay flowers in which crocuses or hyacinths, daisies, pansies, or the sturdy geraniums follow one another in rapid succession. Sometimes the beds are shaped into marvelous designs, but, even so, the sight of the fresh spring



A FLOWER ALCOVE

This plant-window has been arranged in a nondescript little room connecting the library and dining-room of a house over looking the Riverside Drive. The general scheme of decoration for the house had been carried out, yet this room remained, stiff and useless. Ordinary furniture looked out of place. Many doubts were expressed when it was proposed to convert this place into a flower-room, but it is now the most livable corner of the house. Here people drop in for afternoon tea, here is served the after-dinner coffee, the seats at the sides are a favorite lounge, and the book-shelves above hold the transient literature and the periodicals that in summer bestrew the piazza. A window-box has been fastened at the sill line to shut off an ugly stable which was deemed undesirable for the "immediate foreground of the picture." Above, near the top of the three high windows, runs a narrow shelf on which is placed a row of golden narcissus, pink and white Chinese primroses, or crimson azaleas, according to the season. Half a dozen plants make a brave showing between the vines that frame the windows; English and German ivy, rose-colored ivy geraniums, etc., follow the mouldings, around the alcove. Under the window a green marble slab with a long fringe of large green glass beads screens the ugly radiator, without impeding the current of warm air. Birds are hung in the midst of the flowers, whence they welcome visitors with friendly chirps. The woodwork, like most of the furniture, is of dark mahogany, the walls being covered with Japanese grass-cloth of soft, glistening green. The chairs are upholstered in green or in soft brocades of rich tints. The curtains and portières are of green velvet, embroidered in gold.

and the sidewalk. Formerly this was sodded or planted in some way. But the greater part have of late years been flagged over by owners who do not care to bother with the constant necessity for having the grass cut, feeling that more trouble is involved in taking

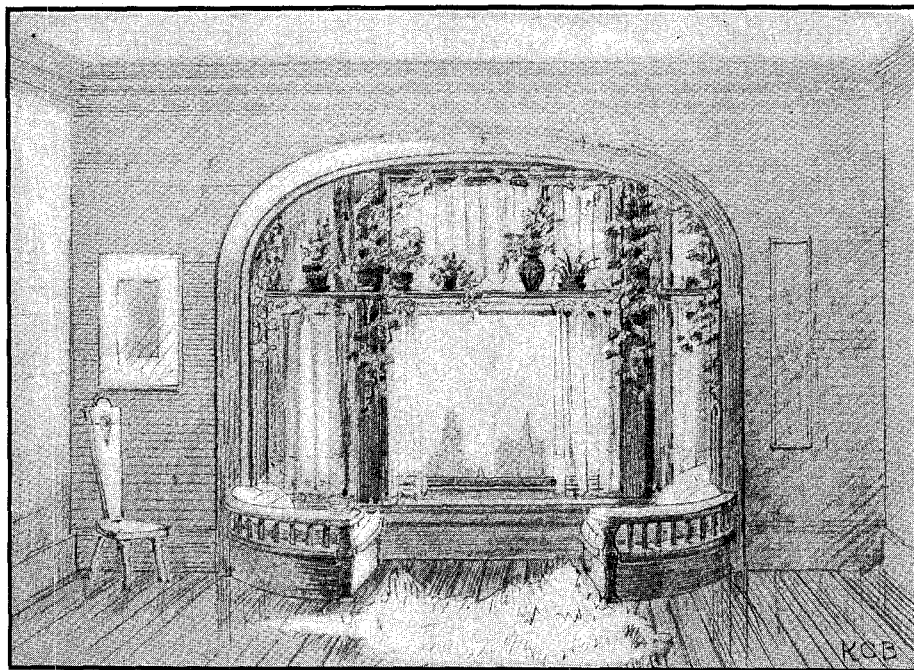
blossoms framed by the rich green of the bit of lawn is good for one exhausted by the sights and sounds of the great city. One area, that of a corner house, has been filled with closely clipped box that retains its deep color during the winter. Evergreens beside the steps,

and box, bay, and ivy at the windows, have been widely adopted by the hotels and apartment-houses.

Front yards should be studied so that they may correspond with the houses, a Gothic house needing picturesque treatment, while a building of Renaissance architecture requires a formal garden. The nondescript building that makes up the greater part of our cities is, more than any other, improved

always be laid on the fact that badly cared for flowers are never attractive; and even the hardiest will suffer without a little daily care. Good taste in selection is also absolutely necessary, as without it vulgar effects result even with flowers.

In New York, where windows are heavily screened by curtains, the display of flowers is far less than in Boston and some of our smaller cities, where a walk



A PLANT SHELF IN A BAY WINDOW

This sketch shows a shallow bay in an apartment hotel, with a flower-shelf fitted across the top, above the eye-line yet low enough to bring the plants within easy reach. The middle window frames in a lovely view of the river and distant hills, over the spires and chimney-tops far below. The narrower ones at the sides (which look directly into adjoining rooms) are kept discreetly screened by full curtains of sheer white muslin hanging in straight folds from a rod below the shelf to the sill. Above the shelf short curtains of similar material are shirred at the top of the window, extending down to the shelf. Comfortable seats with wide arms have been built in at the sides, adding to the seating capacity of the small room. The four-inch shelf is supported about five feet above the floor by an ogee bracket on each mullion. It is stained a bronze-green to match the rest of the room. At the ends and on each mullion stand pots of ivy, trained to trail and climb around the opening. Between are a few pink geraniums, a begonia with waxy red flowers, a fern with wide-spreading fronds, occasionally a glass bowl full of roses, or a blue and white jar of narcissus. This very simple arrangement can easily be carried out in any window.

by a judicious selection of plants and vines. Sometimes, when the house has undergone that ordeal known as "being made into an American basement," the defects in the architecture are entirely lost, hidden behind hedges and box gardens.

Decorations are more effective if they can be massed, around an entrance, or in a front yard. Special emphasis should

down one of the principal thoroughfares is interesting on account of the endless variety of well-grouped plants, petted favorites, sharing the sunniest places with the family.

The recent unprecedented growth of vines, ampelopsis, wistaria, and ivy has concealed many an ugly building. Our poor maltreated streets are left to the mercy of every contractor who wishes to





A LITTLE CONSERVATORY

This window is a miniature conservatory. Outside the window a light metal framework has been fitted, allowing about three feet of space between it and the inside wall of the room, where swinging casements are hung in place of the usual sliding sash. The outside is glazed with heavy, corrugated glass, with panes at the top that open for ventilation. At the bottom a coil of steam-pipe, under a tray filled with water, provides a moist heat. Glass shelves hold the pots, the fresh, graceful greenery being all that is visible on entering the room. The exposure to the north is well suited to delicate ferns and trailing vines, which grow luxuriantly. A window of this kind can be glazed with the prism glass which refracts light into dark corners of the room. Several such windows were lately placed in a beautiful ball-room uptown, greatly adding to the light, which had been seriously diminished by adjacent high buildings.

disfigure them by lopping limbs from the trees, or, worse still, by burying leaky gas-pipes to fill the ground with poison. If he removes a tree, it is never properly replaced. Look at the upper part of Broadway above the Subway! In some of our cities ignorant contractors are not permitted to follow their own sweet will without restriction, but in none do we find the elaborate precautions for guarding the health of the trees that are in force abroad. The four rows of stately trees that shade the principal thoroughfares there are at stated intervals regularly trimmed down to make the foliage thick and heavy. Gangs of men, with high ladders and elaborate apparatus, spend weeks of the winter sawing off the top branches. It seems a pity to sacrifice limbs over a foot thick, but the result proves the wisdom of the procedure. Should a tree die or even become sick, it is removed at once and replaced by a full-grown tree set by derricks and machinery powerful enough to clutch and transport it without injuring roots or branches. Some great cities have a "tree hospital" where sick trees are nursed back to health, and later replanted in the parks or avenues.

It is rather foolish to attempt to leave flower-boxes in the deserted house to be looked after by the caretaker through the summer. Our plants miss us, persistently refusing to thrive under the



alien hand. It is best to plant the healthy ones in the back yard, or even to send them to the florist's, while we are away. If our object is to add our quota to the decoration of the streets (and there be some who are sufficiently unselfish to take this view of the subject!), by all means let us donate flowers or money to some institution, such as a day nursery or hospital, where the sick and helpless can see and enjoy them through the hot season.

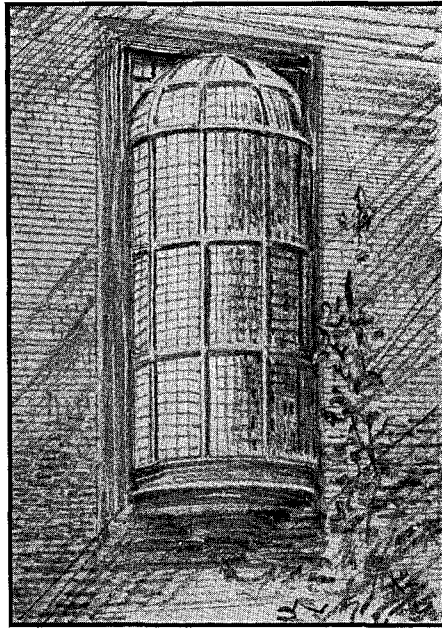
If we are hampered with a house front that is hopelessly bad in design, that, on account of the expense, we are unable to change, it is well to see what can be done by judicious planting to soften the most glaring faults. In this connection there is a good story told of a lady who was extravagantly admiring a building of very poor design. Said her daughter: "What, mother, do you see to admire? Not the style, I am sure; and the general proportions are very bad."

"Yes, I know that."

"You certainly cannot approve of the stonework, and I know you think the detail ugly and the color hideous; what is there left?"

After much questioning, it developed that she liked the red geraniums at the windows!

In this country the love for nature is daily on the increase. Each year more time is spent at the summer home among trees and green fields, and most of us appreciate a garden. With a little care and thought it is easy to prolong this pleasure through the winter, a window garden full of bloom being more precious when the ground outside is incrustated with deep snow. The trouble is that



A PRISM GLASS WINDOW

This shows how a window like the one on the opposite page may be fitted with prism glass, making the whole room brighter.

most people expect their flowers to thrive under most uncomfortable conditions. The conditions are uncomfortable for every one; for plants occupy the lower part of the windows and no one can see out, the boxes being in the way; or perhaps the plants themselves suffer, growing thin and losing leaves and blossoms because they cannot endure the dust, gas, and the dry heat of our modern houses. These things may be bad for the health of human beings; they are death to our floral friends. If it

is impossible to protect them, only the hardiest plants should be chosen, especially in the beginning, when a natural feeling of timidity increases the discouragement caused by repeated failures. A flower responds to petting as quickly as a dog does. This petting, this constant affectionate attention to details, is the secret of success. One should have the "gardener's hand," for the happy possessor of that valuable member need never fear bad luck. We understand the importance of permitting children to dabble in the dirt, but it is difficult to realize that such work is excellent for the grown-ups, that our tired nerves would be the better for an hour a day spent in vigorous pottering over our flowers.

A good beginning is vastly encouraging; failures make us timid; after some experience, caring for flowers is an easy matter. Let us therefore attempt at first only the things that are extremely simple, reserving more extended efforts for a future occasion when we have all in good running order. If we do succeed, our example is sure to be followed by others who wish to emulate our success.

The true flower-lover is not content

to buy her roses and azaleas in full bloom, to be heartlessly cast out in the ash-cart as soon as the buds have fallen. She cherishes her plants as she does her friends. I say "she," for it is usually the woman, the home-maker, who is most anxious to have plants around her.

The public buys plants at exorbitant rates from a florist, or, perchance, selects from the stock of the peddler who drives from house to house with a wagon-load of geraniums and pansies, or, in still more prosaic fashion, patronizes the department store! What a sad contrast to the picturesque flower mart we frequent abroad!

If a florist possesses that rare quality, good taste, we can accept his advice with the certainty that the result will harmonize with the rest of our belongings. Unfortunately, as tasteful people are rare, we shall probably be thrown on the mercies of the "man on the next block," who has, it is true, beautiful flowers, but who is so eager to dispose of his wares that he sells us unsuitable plants to get rid of them. He does not care if we do lose a few; that will mean another sale for him! If one diffidently remarks that the plants "seemed to be a little delicate," he hints, with pitying scorn, at the "general lack of proper attention to flowers"! After a conversation with one of these men, one might imagine that the care of flowers involved some weird and occult rites, instead of being one of the simplest things in our rather complicated life.

If we offer to pay him for the care of our flowers by the month, the case is quite different; then we receive fine hardy specimens selected from among the many varieties suitable for the conditions existing in our overheated houses. From time to time, as they wither, he replaces faded ones by those fresh from the greenhouse. This is a capital scheme for those who are too busy to devote sufficient time to their care. One is deprived of the pleasure of caring for them, but in this strenuous life another care is sometimes out of the question.

The average florist prefers to employ gauzy bows and majolica "jardinières" in the decoration of his great show window, to the neglect of the wealth of floral

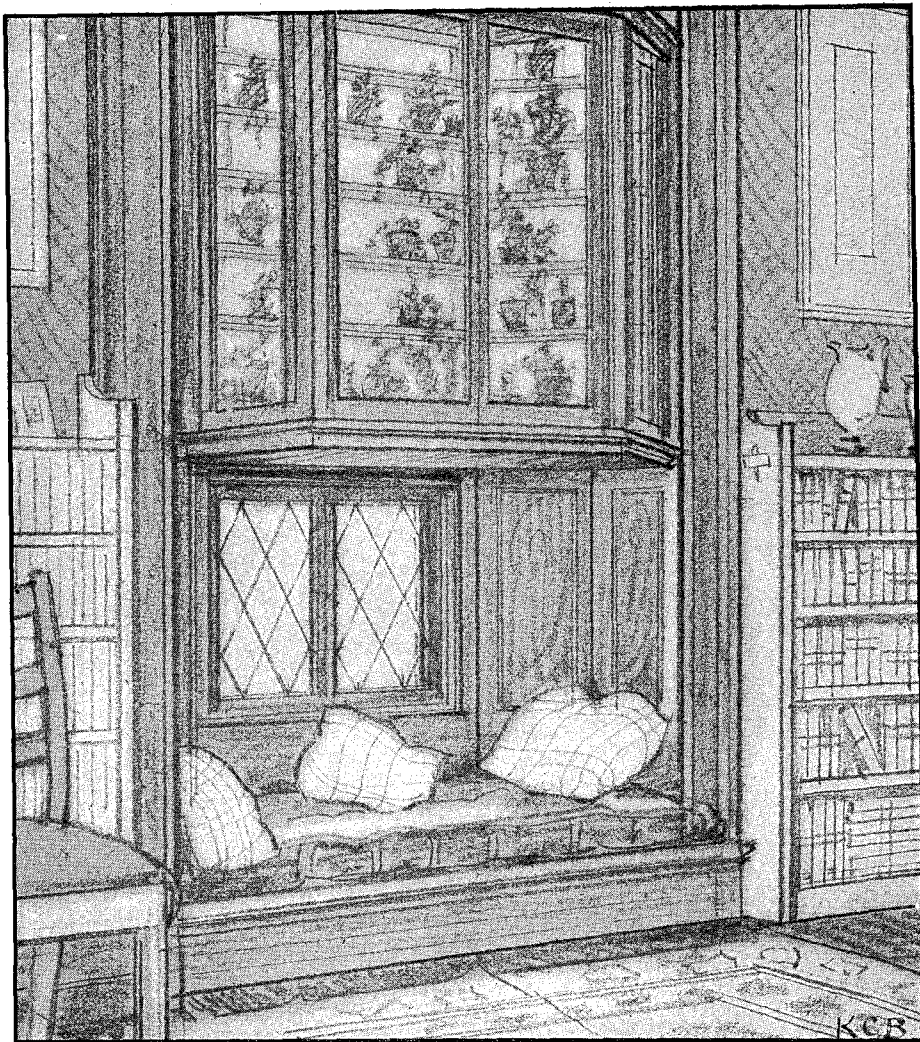
material at his disposal. Luckily for the public, some artistic folk have taken up the business. This summer in particular their windows show refreshing originality. Naturally, as the whole flower-buying world is in the country, the arrangement is simple and inexpensive, studied to give a lasting effect with but little trouble. One window has a capital copy of an old garden, with a pool surrounded by dwarf trees and delicate ferns, rocky hillocks covered with sprouting grass seed, all of vivid green. Many a passer-by is the better for a glimpse into the cool, shady nook on a hot day. Another window has palms and evergreens well massed to make the most of the rather limited space, the plants being at the sides, leaving the center free except for one palm that, dipping far over, touches the water below. The flowerless green, placed there for reasons of economy, seems the most beautiful thing that could possibly be used, and is suggestive for the arrangement of other shady windows.

The characteristic Japanese trees are very fine in a window. Of course, when these are used, no other plants should be placed near. They are to be found in shops devoted to the sale of Japanese goods and also at some of the florists', planted in artistic little Japanese pots. As these odd plants have been inured to privation, they thrive under conditions that would kill our own plants.

Societies for the improvement of the poor are trying to spread experience and encourage love for flowers by distributing window gardens early in the spring, giving prizes for the best results in the autumn. A visitor from the society goes from house to house to give advice and encouragement. The initial expense of sending out these boxes is not great, as many contributions are sent from private conservatories, and even florists enter into a friendly rivalry by donating model boxes.

It is interesting to watch the people who receive one of these boxes for the first time. Some, not content with one, are eager to get three or four. One little girl ambitiously applied for enough to put in "all the windows of the house in which she lived." A boy who re-





CONSERVATORY AND WINDOW SEAT

This window, recently added to an old-fashioned house on Fifth Avenue, has doubled the value of the long, narrow library. The height of the ceiling permitting an unusually high opening, the lower part of the window has been fitted with cushions, as a comfortable lounging-place. The little windows throw light directly on the book of any one reading there. The lower shelf of the small conservatory above is high enough not to interfere with the head of a person sitting below, yet low enough to bring the flowers within easy reach. The bay window was constructed of copper and plate glass, heavy enough to protect from frost. Inside, shades are rolled down, close to the glass, for additional protection on cold nights. The lower part is fitted with a watertight lead tray, two inches deep, with a pipe attached to drain off surplus water. A hose can be attached to the faucet at the side for sprinkling the plants. In the little aquarium, a jet of water, bubbling up like a fountain, keeps all in healthy condition. The coloring of this room tones in with the fine bindings of the books; the walls above the bookcases, covered with stamped leather, accord with the shelving and trim of plain walnut. The windows are glazed with diamond panes of leaded glass, in pale yellow and white; the rug is an old one of restful brown; the comfortable chairs are upholstered in leather. The lamps and all hardware are wrought by hand, of copper and iron. The sun shining through the rich greens of the ferns, the gay colors of the flowers and of the aquarium, brighten the dull old library wonderfully. Before the alteration the room was at times rather dreary.

luctantly accepted the box allotted to him told his teacher a month later that his father had made copies of the box, filling them with corn, tomatoes, and okra to remind him of the days when he ran barefoot on the farm. "I never

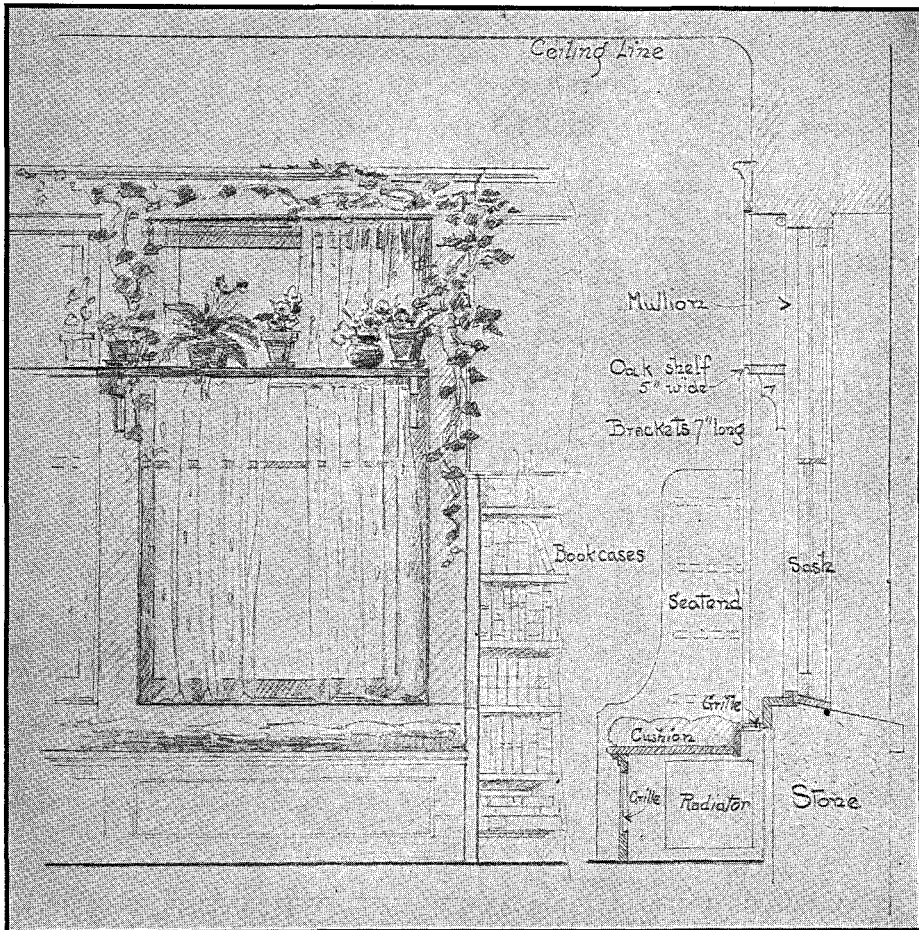
knew before that my father had lived in the country," said the child. One box disappeared completely. After much investigation, it was discovered on the grave of the baby sister who "died during that hot spell." The majority of the



boxes are well cared for, giving pleasure to families whose lives are dull and colorless enough.

When these people are trained to ap-

actually spliced long poles together and fished for more until the whole garden was ruined. Now it is restored, but a high sheet of metal lines the railing,



A SIMPLE WINDOW SHELF

This shelf may be readily worked out by any intelligent carpenter, as the construction is accurately drawn to scale. It extends across a group of three windows in a library. The simply curved brackets on which it rests are clearly indicated. Under the window is a wide seat over the long, low radiator, heated air passing freely from the bronze grille in front to that on top near the sash. The ends of the bookcases on each side of the window are curved out to form arms, or seat-ends. The flowers are Chinese primroses and pink begonias in pots, and a handful of red roses in a glass bowl, with much German ivy trained around the trim.

preciate beauty, there will be less of that vandalism that deters the rich from throwing open their grounds to the general public. One generous-hearted woman who had insisted on having the grounds in front of her palatial mansion exposed to the gaze of the public was appalled at the sweeping destruction wrought by rough boys, who, not satisfied with snatching flowers and breaking branches through the iron railings,

shutting in the beautiful landscape work, hiding it from the eyes of the innocent passer-by as well as from those of the guilty hoodlum. In no other country could we find such an offense against law and order. Let us therefore seek to train our boys by providing the poorer districts with decorations equal to those near our own homes. A club started recently for the decoration and improvement of a city block had so much dif-

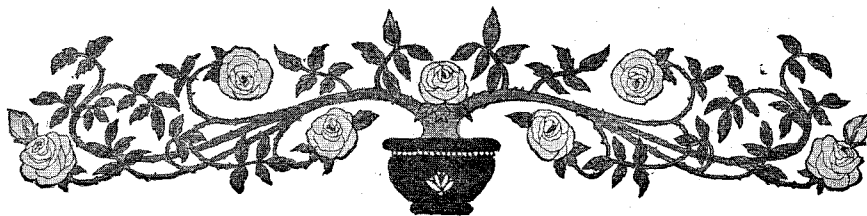
ficulty with a gang of this kind that it attempted to influence them through the Roman Catholic church in the vicinity. The priests gave valuable assistance, the poor children being provided with a vacant lot in which to do their own gardening, setting out with much interest the seeds and various plants given by the committee, and watering and weeding industriously all summer.

Neighborhood clubs for the encouragement of plant decoration should be started in the better quarters of the city, where window gardens are scarcer than among the tenements. Flowers, cut from plants grown by others, we have in plenty, but few of us care to undertake what they fear will prove to be the irksome responsibility of caring for growing plants. A club of this kind should be started in a very simple way, or there is danger of all the enthusiasm dying out in idle talk, which tends to make a neighborhood ridiculous, especially when, as sometimes happens, reporters, hungry for a "story," write it up at great length in the Sunday papers. The public, on the watch for remarkable achievements, after seeing the inevitable failures, is apt to make jeering remarks. A club of this kind ought to begin by securing as much useful, practical information as possible by the exchange of experiences. Some have fortnightly or monthly meetings when "talks" are given on different subjects connected with nature study and plant decoration. Photographs are always on exhibition, sometimes also practical designs for boxes and pots. The members are careful to have good photographs taken of the most successful "gardens" in the neighborhood before they fade, exchanging them for similar views taken in distant cities. In one such club interesting stereopticon views have illus-

trated suggestive lectures on Spanish, Italian, and French gardens. One night an old Scotch nursery gardener was invited to give practical hints. One charming talk on "bulbs" mentioned the beautiful scheme of a well-known writer, who each spring holds in her Boston home a "sale" of bulbs, her sunny drawing-rooms being filled to overflowing with hyacinths, crocuses, daffodils, lilies, etc., in full bloom, all of which she herself has grown in the house, and which always in this manner net a round sum for the Fresh Air Fund.

Many possibilities are before one of these clubs. A gardener, at the service of all the members, would be a great help to go from house to house as needed to assist members. A common greenhouse for seedlings and cuttings might also be arranged for with the co-operation of some obliging florist willing to rent part of his greenhouse.

The preliminary drawings for a house should include, as a matter of course, a balcony, spaces for window-boxes, and, if possible, a small conservatory. These are generally included in expensive houses, but they are equally necessary in more modest homes. The day will come when we shall know that these are necessary, when we will economize on some of the fine furnishings that shut out the wholesome light and air, and demand a space for flowers, as we now insist upon having a kitchen. Where many cut flowers are to be cared for in a house a "flower pantry" is frequently added, where vases can be rinsed and filled each day, where are kept the simple tools, scissors, knives, etc., with bottles of ammonia, the salt, charcoal, etc. The labor of caring for flowers is changed to a pleasure if all is thus conveniently arranged.



# The Strand from Above

From the Danish of Johannes Jørgensen, by Jacob A. Riis

THE sun rose on a bright September morning. A thousand gems of dew sparkled in the meadows, and upon the breeze floated, in the wake of summer, the shining silken strands of which no man knoweth the whence or the whither.

One of them caught in the top of a tree, and the skipper, a little speckled yellow spider, quit his air-ship to survey the leafy demesne there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt decision, he spun a new strand and let himself down straight into the hedge below.

There were twigs and shoots in plenty there to spin a web in, and he went to work at once, letting the strand from above, by which he had come, bear the upper corner of it.

A fine large web it was when finished, and with this about it that set it off from all the other webs thereabouts, that it seemed to stand straight up in the air, without anything to show what held it. It takes pretty sharp eyes to make out a single strand of a spider-web, even a very little way off.

The days went by. Flies grew scarcer, as the sun rose later, and the spider had to make his net larger that it might reach farther and catch more. And here the strand from above turned out a great help. With it to brace the structure, the web was spun higher and wider, until it covered the hedge all the way across. In the wet October mornings, when it hung full of shimmering rain-drops, it was like a veil stitched with precious pearls.

The spider was proud of his work. No longer the little thing that had come drifting out of the vast with nothing but its unspun web in its pocket, so to speak, he was now a big, portly, opulent spider, with the largest web in the hedge.

One morning he awoke very much out of sorts. There had been a frost in the

night, and daylight brought no sun. The sky was overcast; not a fly was out. All the long gray autumn day the spider sat hungry and cross in his corner. Toward evening, to kill time, he started on a tour of inspection, to see if any-needed bracing or mending. He pulled at all the strands; they were firm enough. But though he found nothing wrong, his temper did not improve; he waxed crosser than ever.

At the farthest end of the web he came at last to a strand that all at once seemed strange to him. All the rest went this way or that—the spider knew every stick and knob they were made fast to, every one. But this preposterous strand went nowhere—that is to say, went straight up in the air and was lost. He stood up on his hind legs and stared with all his eyes, but he could not make it out. To look at, the strand went right up into the clouds, which was nonsense.

The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the angrier the spider grew. He had quite forgotten how on a bright September morning he himself had come down this same strand. And he had forgotten how, in the building of the web and afterward when it had to be enlarged, it was just this strand he had depended upon. He saw only that here was a useless strand, a fool strand, that went nowhere in sense or reason, only up in the air where solid spiders had no concern . . .

"Away with it!" and with one vicious snap of his angry jaws he bit the strand in two.

That instant the web collapsed, the whole proud and prosperous structure fell in a heap, and when the spider came to he lay sprawling in the hedge with the web all about his head like a wet rag. In one brief moment he had wrecked it all—because he did not understand the use of *the strand from above*.







A DOUBTFUL FOOTING

By F. G. R. Roth

## The Wild Animal in Art

By Bertha H. Smith

ONE day, about a dozen years ago, the wild animal woke up, yawned, stretched his toes, and found himself famous. Over night he had become a recognized factor in literature and in art. Before that there could not have been found in America enough paintings of wild animals to fill the prongs of an elk antler. Now and then, in exhibitions, one came upon a Landseer or Rosa Bonheur elk or a Briton Riviere lion, before which people paused a moment, read the signature, and walked on. In sculpture there was nothing wilder than a Texas pony or an Indian in war-bonnet, unless we pass as sculpture sundry stone lions couchant guarding city doorways, or the stucco fawns standing stark on grassy slopes of private lawns and public parks. American artists did not paint and model wild animals, because no one seemed to want them. People bought Madonnas, good and bad,

and questionable plaster Venuses, fat little Cupids dancing skirtless skirt dances in azure skies, bold bronze warriors, carrots and cabbages on deal tables, and marble busts of Cleopatra and Shakespeare, but not elephants, lions, and moose. Edward Kemeys, of Washington, with whose animal bronzes in the Corcoran Art Gallery and groups on public buildings and in Fairmount and Central Park many are familiar, was about the only artist of the old school in America who ventured to do animal work before the wild animal came into popular favor.

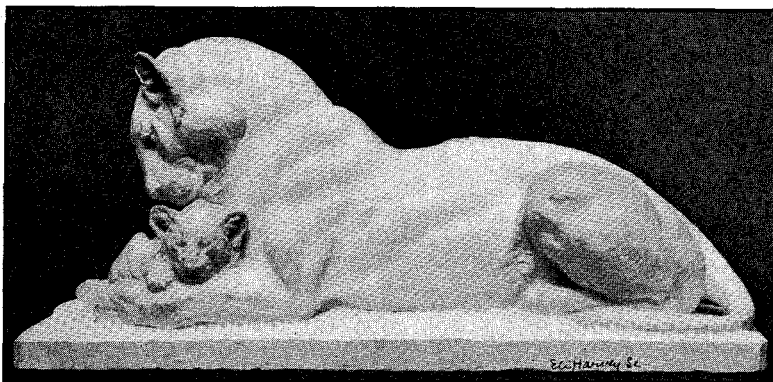
American taste in art has been cast in the French mold, and the French are not animal lovers. Among all her artists Rosa Bonheur is the one name that stands out boldly as that of a painter of animals. Gérôme did a few notable animal pieces, but his greater fame rests on other things. Among French sculptors there

is but a trio of animal men—Barye, Frémiet, and Gardet. In Germany the wild animal has always had a prominent place, but German influence on American art has never been marked, and few in America have even heard the name of Friese, perhaps the greatest of all animal painters, or of a half-score more of notable German animal men. The only well-known English signatures are those of Landseer, Briton Riviere, John Swan, and Arthur Wardell.

Not having been tutored, then, in a taste for the wild animal in art, it remained for the impulse to be projected from an unwonted source. So it chanced one day that Kipling wrote his *Jungle Books* and Ernest Thompson Seton came

sheep, human figures—anything that any one would buy. Another was painting landscapes in his Paris studio; and the fourth, a woman, and the only woman who models animals exclusively, was practicing seven or eight hours a day on the violin and by way of recreation trying to coax some animal form out of the lumps of clay picked up in a sculptor sister's studio.

But the tide came that was to lead the waiting artists on to more or less of fame and fortune. The *Jungle Books* furnished a direct opportunity to Will H. Drake, who thus became the pioneer among animal illustrators of the new school, unless that distinction belongs by natural right to Mr. Seton, who, however,



A MATERNAL CARESS

By Eli Harvey

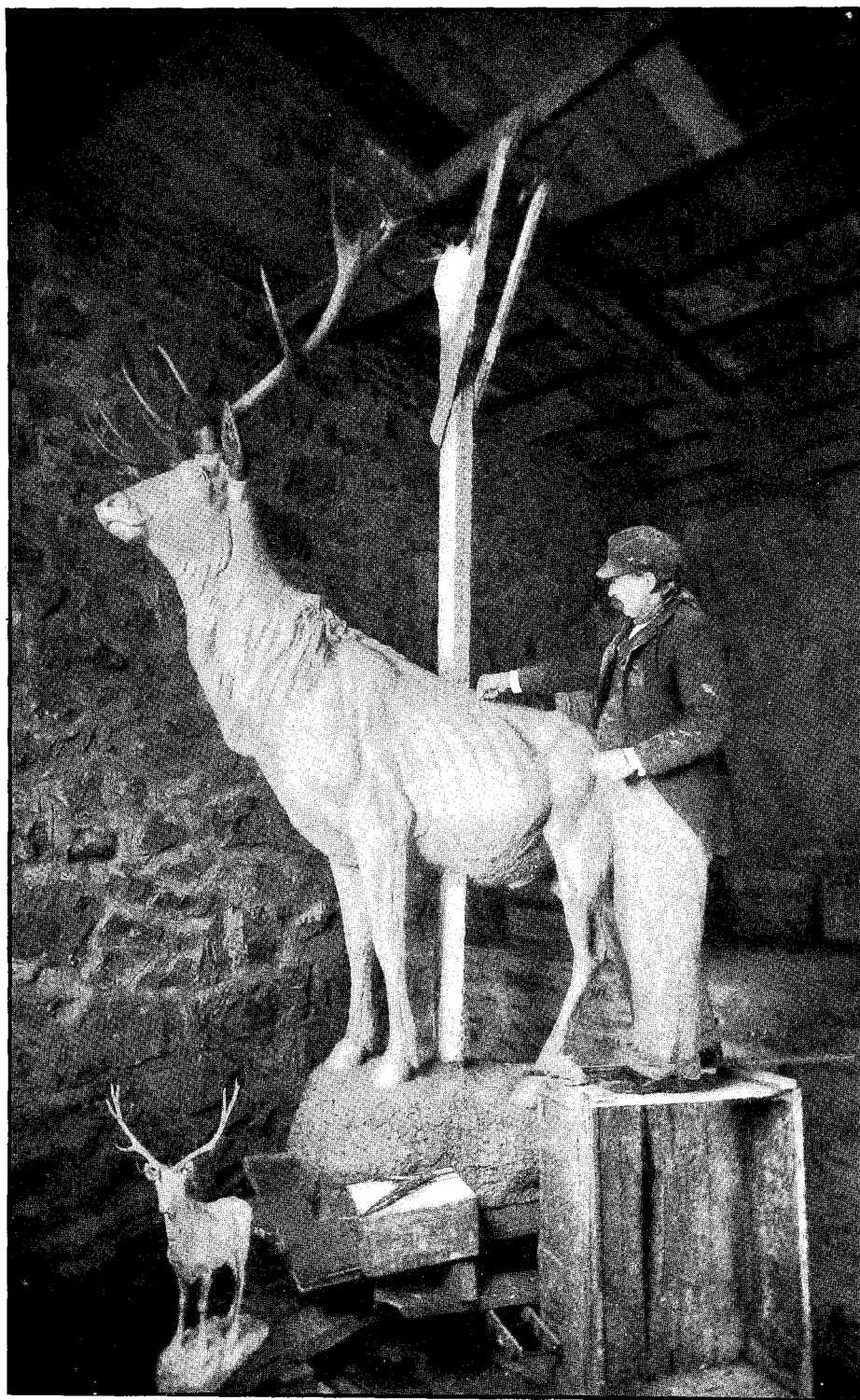
along and introduced us to some wild animals he had known, and of a sudden people found a keen new interest in their brother beasts.

While Kipling was writing his books and Mr. Seton was getting acquainted with the wild animals of America, a group of American artists who were, all unconsciously, awaiting the tide were variously engaged. One was designing stained-glass windows; one, a young German, who was to become identified with American art, was painting horses and cows between his terms of service in the German army; another was tramping Europe copying the works of old masters, while another was earning a living in a taxidermist's shop.

Of the American sculptors who now devote all their time to wild animal studies, two were then modeling horses,

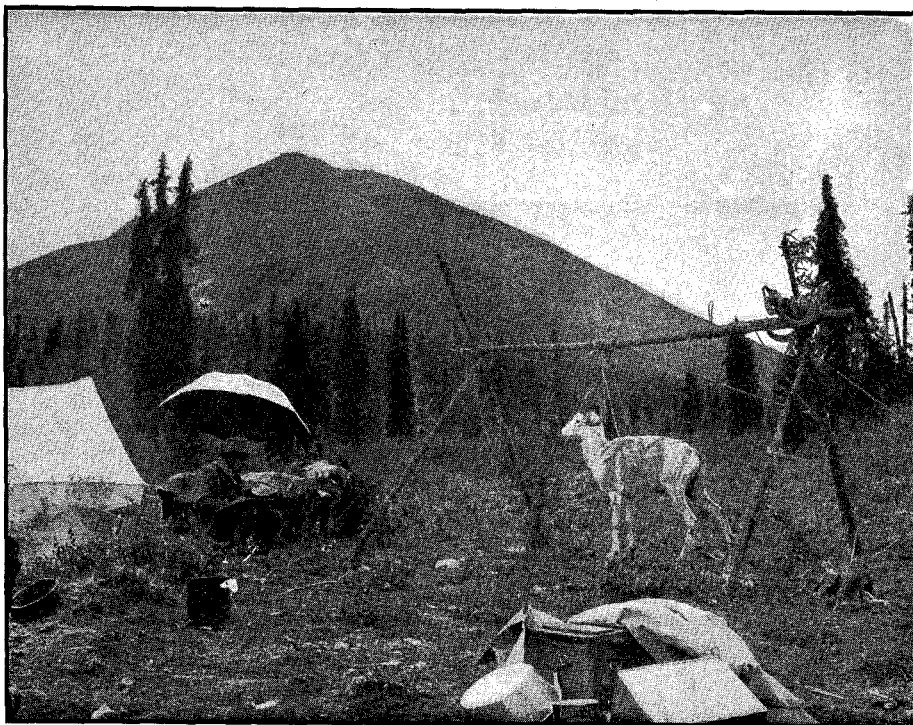
confined his illustrations to his own books. Just at this time Charles R. Knight was recovering from an attack of nervous prostration brought on by too close application to his work in a stained-glass factory. He took out and dusted off the animal sketches that expressed his hitherto unprofitable preference, and began to illustrate animal stories in magazines, which were quick to respond to this new appreciation, and in textbooks, which are replacing with the work of artists the weird little woodcuts that were about as lifelike as the Noah's ark animals we loved and ate the paint off of in our baby days. That Mr. Knight has become the foremost of American animal painters is a fulfillment of the prophecy made at that time by one of the best of modern French artists. With a bundle of drawings under his arm, Mr.





ELI HARVEY COMPLETING A LIFE-SIZE MODEL OF AN ELK





CARL RUNGIUS SKETCHING A RECENTLY KILLED MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN ALASKA

Knight was introduced by an American sculptor then in Paris to Gérôme. After looking over the drawings Gérôme said, "Without flattering you in the least, these are the most remarkable, the most perfect drawings of animal life I have ever seen. Have you shown them to my friend Frémiet?"

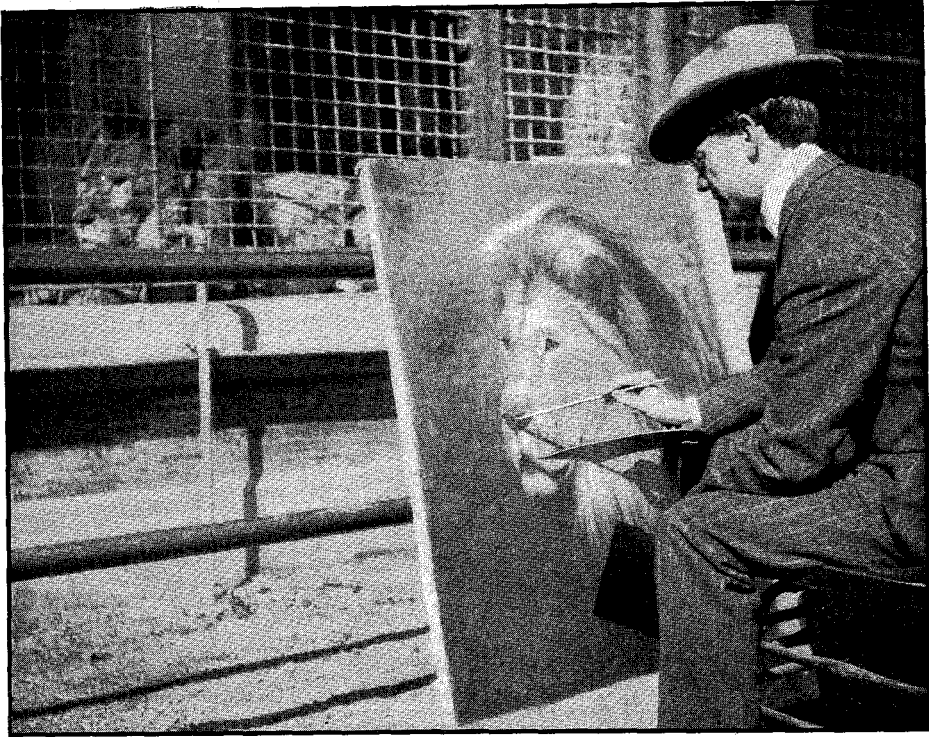
On being told that he had not, Gérôme said: "Go at once to Frémiet and tell him it is on my part that you come."

Frémiet was even more enthusiastic. He looked at one or two of the drawings, and, in surprise at their correctness, asked, "You do these from photographs?" And when Mr. Knight assured him that they were done after nature, he said, "Do you swear that?" Then, rich as the French language is in adjectives, it was inadequate to express his opinion of the young artist's work. "You are an honor to your country," he said. "But will you have time and money to give your own time to study without having to do magazine work?" When Mr. Knight told him that he hoped to be able to do both, Frémiet replied, regretfully. "You have for years been

studying to do things to please us, the artists. Now it seems you will have to do something to please the public—and the public are fools."

In spite of Frémiet's fear, however, Mr. Knight has not worked down to a public that does not know, but, instead, has helped to give the public an appreciation of what he knows. This is possible where magazines are willing to pay for the right to reproduce the best work of the best artists as art works pure and simple, and not for illustrative purposes.

Mr. Knight has painted almost every animal but a horse, which is the one he seems not to understand. To him a horse, with its smooth hair, docked tail, and cropped mane, always immaculate, has no more character than a piano. Nor does he like to paint well-bred dogs, though one of his recent pictures is of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's prize collie. He holds that all animals lose in character as they gain in breeding, and he would rather paint a bronco than a race-horse, or a wolf rather than the prize-winner of a bench show. His favorite subjects are the large felines, which are not po-



CHARLES R. KNIGHT PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF SULTAN IN THE BRONX "ZOO"

seurs as are elk and deer, but just the great stupid, styleless, unspirited beasts Nature made them.

About the time when Mr. Knight was showing his drawings to Gérôme in Paris a young German came to America for a hunting trip in the Maine woods. His name was Carl Rungius, and he had been commissioned to accompany the German Emperor on his annual hunt that year to make paintings of the game captured by the Imperial party. But this trip into the Maine woods changed the artist's plans, and he determined to settle down in America and paint American big game animals—moose, caribou, and wapiti.

In his first years of study he had attended a school of applied arts, and while he was supposed to be in a class for decorative fresco work he was away at the zoölogical gardens sketching lions, or out in some pasture drawing horses and cows. Later he studied in the Berlin Academy, where within a half-year he won the prize for a lion's head in the exhibition. In that time he seemed to have got all that his teacher could give

him, and he found that to make the most of his art he must work it out alone. He studied by himself until he was called to do service in the German army. This took him away from his work for a year, and for two months of two succeeding years. But in the time that was his own he continued painting cat animals, horses, and cows, always with a preference for hoof animals. But Mr. Rungius, who is a sportsman as well as an artist, has cast his lot with the big game animals of this country, and become the foremost painter of them in America.

From three to five months of every year he spends in the woods, now in Maine, now in Wyoming, and again in Alaska. Returning from one of these trips, his mind is always vividly alive to conception, and more pictures form themselves there than he can get time to put on canvas, though he is an indefatigable worker, often sketching far into the night. His canvases are remarkable for the absolute correctness of detail in the landscape. In this he shows himself every inch a German. Those who follow the French school have the French dis-



dain of detail in everything but the main object; but Mr. Rungius puts each animal in its own particular habitat. To do this he always brings back from his trips scores of oil sketches with which to refresh his memory. Animals he always draws without reference to sketches he may have made while hunting, feeling that from memory he gets bolder outlines and greater freedom of pose and action than if constrained by copying from a sketch.

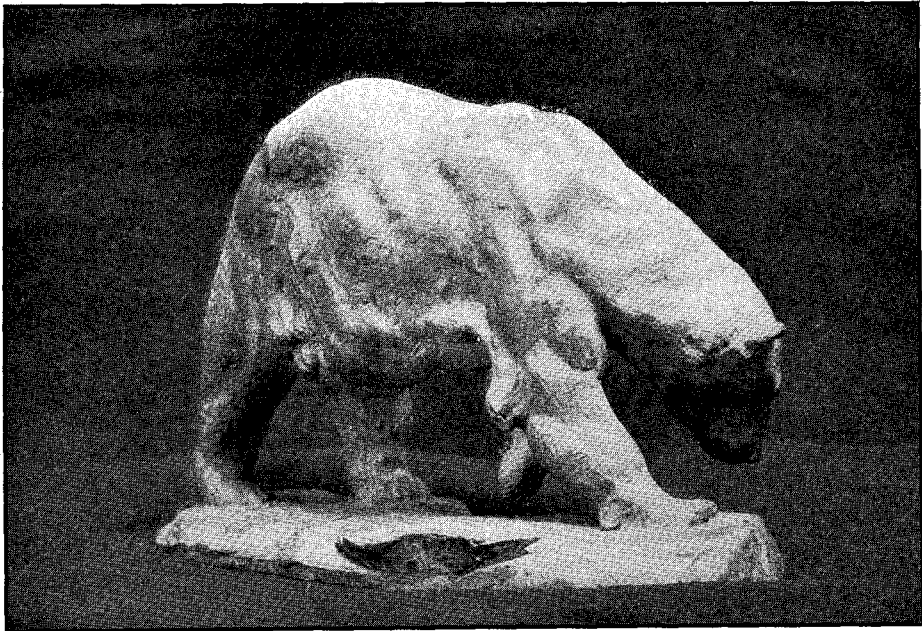
Mr. J. M. Gleeson had waited longer than these other men for the opportunity to indulge his preference for wild animals. Being the son of a Rhode Island farmer, but without an inherited bucolic tendency, he learned early that



PERFORMING BEAR

By F. G. R. Roth

art exacts much and entails many privations and hardships. But he also learned that there is no hill too hard to climb if you want to reach the top badly enough. He fought his way to Munich, and had been in the art school there but a short time when he found that the zoölogical gardens furnished the most interesting subjects for his pencil and brush. But cavaliers with plumed hats and big-eyed pick-aninnies brought the best prices, so he painted these while he continued his studies in Germany, Paris, and later in Italy. On his return to America he found the wild animal craze at its height, and he was thus enabled to indulge his preference. A series of paintings for



POLAR BEAR

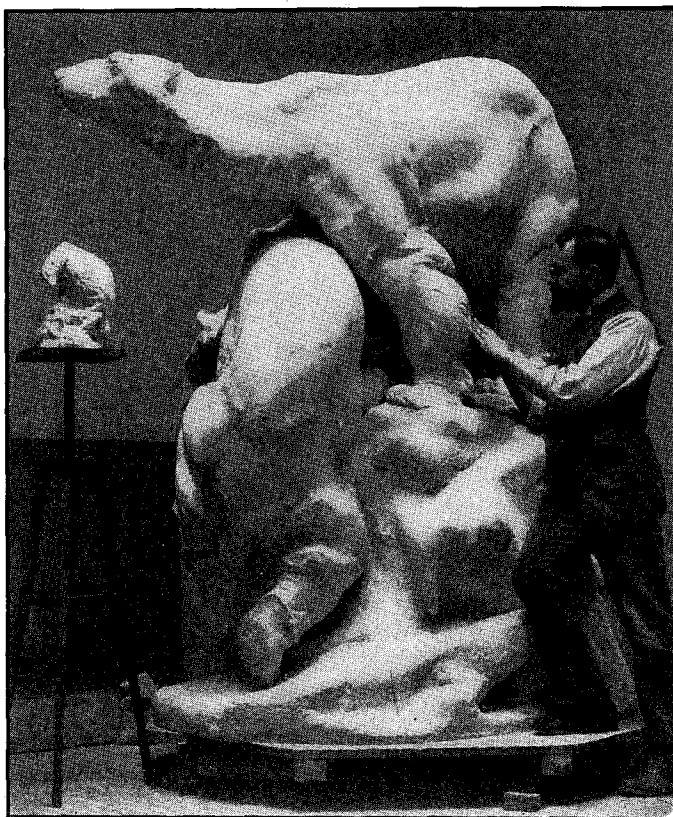
By F. G. R. Roth



the hall of a club-house has a *motif* from the Jungle tales, and in these, as in his "Leopards of the Jungle" and "Song of Wough," he has shown his versatility by a highly decorative treatment of animal subjects.

An artist of the very first rank in the decorative treatment of wild animals is Charles Livingston Bull. Mr. Bull is the youngest of this group of animal artists, and was the last to "arrive."

was to be an animal trainer in a circus. At ten, however, his ambition took another turn. One day in hunting animal pictures in a magazine he came across one of Briton Riviere's wonderful lion pictures, "The Night Watch." The great beasts pacing among the Roman ruins in the lonely night impressed the child mind as nothing had done before, and he said to himself, "That's what I must do—paint animals, not train them." And



FREDERICK G. R. ROTH WORKING ON A POLAR BEAR GROUP IN HIS BRUSSELS STUDIO

Four years ago no one had ever heard his name. He came to New York direct from a taxidermist's table. At sixteen, when he had to face the proposition of making his own living, he chose taxidermy. Bull had always loved animals. At the age of four he cut out every animal picture he saw in book or paper. He owned rabbits and guinea-pigs, dogs and white mice, as soon as he was old enough to swap marbles and tops for them. His earliest ambition

he had not changed his mind when, at sixteen, he went into a taxidermist's shop. He arranged with his employer for two afternoons a week that he might take drawing lessons, and he continued studying when, later, he worked for a year in the taxidermy department of the National Museum at Washington, where he was discovered by a fellow-artist who roused him to a knowledge of his possibilities.

He left Washington and went to his home in Rochester, where he stayed just

long enough to prepare a big bunch of drawings for his attack upon New York. Strangely enough, the very first editor to whom he showed his drawings saw their value and wanted to contract with him for a year's work. This gave him confidence, and he refused to bind himself to any one. He showed his work to other editors, who saw that here was something entirely new and original, something all the man's own both in conception and technique. Animal stories that had yellowed in their desks for lack of adequate illustration were taken out and given to Mr. Bull, and almost immediately he was engaged to illustrate "Kindred of the Wild," "Earth's Enigmas," and "Watchers of the Trails," by C. G. D. Roberts, Jack London's "Call of the Wild," and Frank T. Bullen's "Denizens of the Deep." At present he is at work on books by Mr. Roberts, L. Frank Baum, and E. C. Litsey. Only of late has Mr. Bull ventured to work with color, and this has given a new impetus to his endeavor.

There are four sculptors who have won a distinct place by their animal work alone. These are A. Phimister Proctor, Eli Harvey, Frederick G. R. Roth, and Anna Vaughn Hyatt.

Mr. Proctor's work is a natural outcome of his early environment. Although born in Canada, all his early life was spent in the Rocky Mountains, and it goes without saying that he was a hunter almost from the time he was big enough to shoulder a gun. It was at the age of sixteen that Proctor killed his first grizzly, and in his portfolio are rough pencil sketches of every part of that grizzly, from his bare, blunt muzzle to his hind toes. But even before this, Mr. Proctor declares, there had been "indications of the malady." The first symptoms came at the age of fourteen, when he drew quite wonderful pictures of battles and hunting scenes, which may or may not have had something in them, according to the Proctor of to-day. "I don't believe in infant prodigies in art," he says, "especially in sculpture. You've got to learn that job. No matter how much talent you have, you must do a lot of work. Work won't do it all, but you must have the work."

And so Mr. Proctor worked, sketching and dissecting, during months spent in the mountains without the sight of a human face, when every living creature he met forced the issue of killing or being killed. He worked on when, later, he went to New York and to Paris to study, and he is working yet. For he believes that the man who grows satisfied with what he does and ceases to feel the need of effort has come to a standstill in his art. Mr. Proctor long ago gave up hunting to kill, whether because he has lost that savage lust for killing which seems a natural instinct with the young, or because art has had a civilizing influence, he hardly knows. He still takes his vacations in the woods, stalking deer and watching wild animals in their unconscious movements; but his gun and shooting-coat adorn his studio walls as relics of a past savagery.

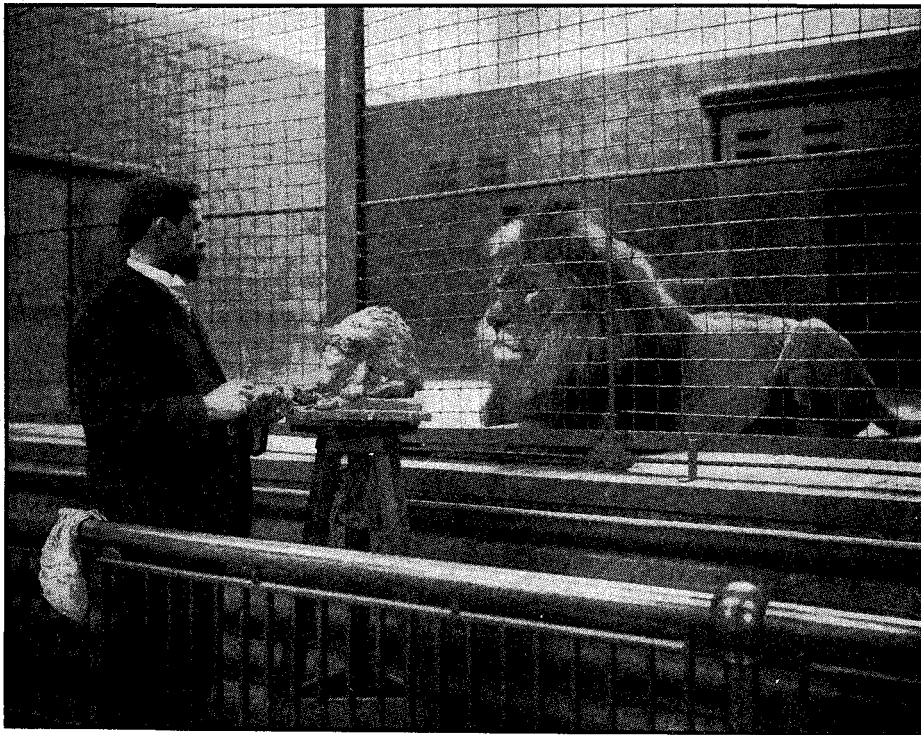
One of his most important commissions has been the four heroic lions for the base of the monument to be erected at Buffalo in memory of President McKinley. He executed a number of large groups for the Columbian Exposition—jaguar, moose, elk, and lions—but in the later expositions he has taken less interest. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, are two of his pumas, and the colossal lions at the entrance of the Frick building in Pittsburgh are of his later work.

At all large exhibitions there has been a division of honors for animal sculpture between Mr. Proctor and Eli Harvey. Mr. Harvey started out to be a painter, but after a course at the Cincinnati Art School he went to the Académie Julien in Paris, and though his canvases won honors in the Paris Salon, painting never seemed to give full expression to his art impulses. On his return to America Mr. Harvey abandoned color for clay. He had inherited a strong mechanical turn, and there is so much of the mechanical involved in sculpture that he believes he found his own when he turned from painting to sculpture. This change was simultaneous with the awakening of interest in wild animals in this country, and on his return home he began to study animals. He received a commission to execute the lions which are a feature of the lion house at the Bronx





ANNA VAUGHN HYATT SKETCHING GOATS IN CENTRAL PARK



A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR SKETCHING IN THE LION HOUSE OF THE BRONX "ZOO"





BULL MOOSE

By Carl Rungius

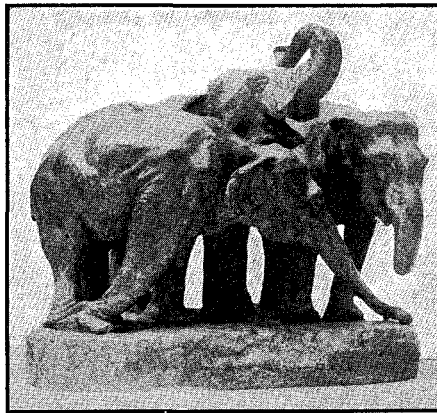
Zoölogical Park, and at both the Buffalo and St. Louis Expositions his animal work had prominent place. By special invitation he sent an elk, a Texas steer, and four large felines to the Lewis and Clark Exposition. One of his most recent works is a life-size elk, modeled from the best animal of this species at the Bronx Park.

An inborn love of animals and a great admiration for Barye's animal bronzes led Frederick G. R. Roth to confine his work to animals. From early childhood he has felt the almost magnetic influence which so many people experience in the presence of wild animals, especially the big felines. And while in the earlier years of his work he chose miscellaneous subjects, the past ten years have been devoted exclusively to animal sculpture. Mr. Roth has modeled many different ani-

mals, but of late has made a more intimate study of sea lions and bears. His latest group represents two polar bears on an ice-covered rock during the short Arctic spring. Some of his small bronzes show a distinctly humorous treatment.

The youngest and latest recruit to the group of animal sculptors is Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt. Miss Hyatt would have been a musician had her health been equal to the exactions of a musical career; but even while studying music

she seems to have caught the infection of the plastic art from a sculptor sister, and when she had to give up the violin her artistic nature found ready expression in clay. Horses had always been a passion with her from the pinafore days when she sat in the stall between the fore feet of the family horse to learn how he ate his food, on through



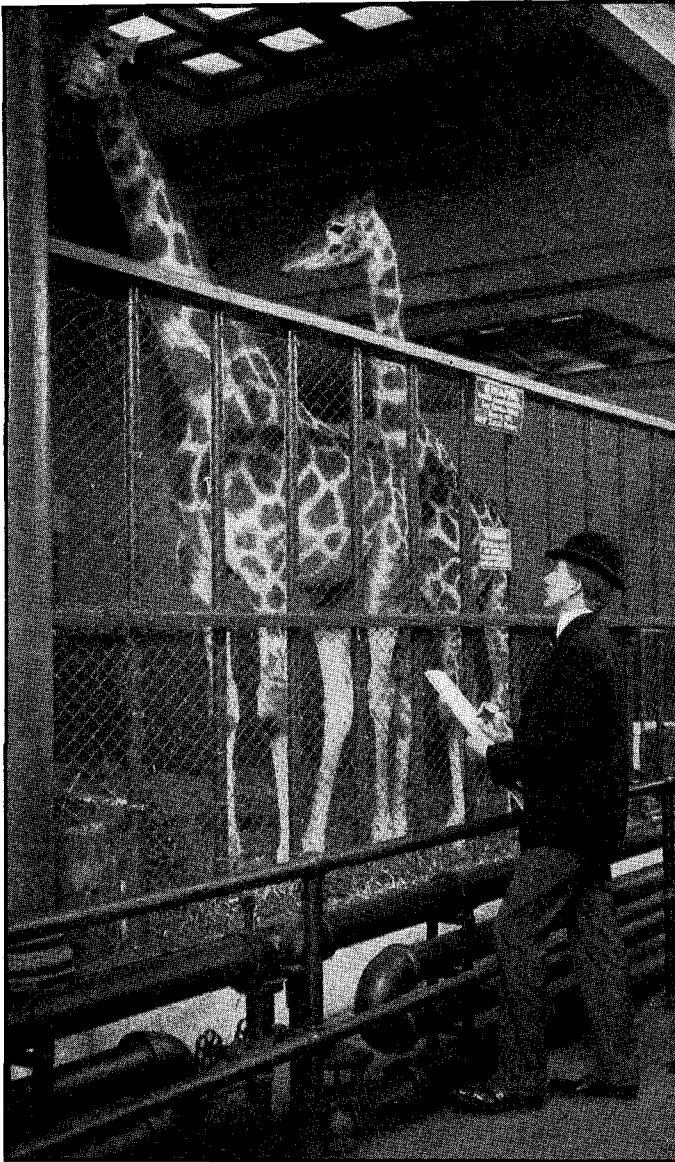
ELEPHANT GROUP IN BRONZE

By Anna Vaughn Hyatt

the days of a scrap-book full of pictures of race-horses, which she knew so well that visitors often amused themselves covering all of a picture but a nose or tail or hoof, to hear the child tell the

fact, Miss Hyatt is the one American sculptor who has never made any but animal studies.

While studying in Boston, Miss Hyatt went daily to the Bostock show, where



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL SKETCHING IN THE BRONX "ZOO"

name, pedigree, record, and past accomplishments, always unerringly, to the time when she became a fearless horse-woman and cross-country rider. It was quite natural, then, that she should begin by modeling horses and dogs. In

she sat in the audience with her modeling stand making notes and sketches in clay of the jungle beasts in action. And it was in the stall of one of the Bostock elephants that Miss Hyatt very nearly lost her life, the unfriendly brute having



struck her with his trunk and hurled her a dozen feet outside the stall.

In spite of this and several other narrow escapes, Miss Hyatt is absolutely without fear of animals, her love for them being too strong to admit of fear. Wherever animals are, there she will be found with her modeling stand sooner or later. Now it is in the buffalo range at the Bronx, again at the Sportsman's Show or the circus in Madison Square Garden, in the bull pasture of a Jersey farm, or among the goats of Central Park—for at one time or another she has modeled not only all domestic animals but all the wild animals that she has been able to see in the flesh. Some of her best-known groups are "Winter," showing two horses huddling together in a storm; "A Steep Grade;" "Treading at the Pickets" and "Peanuts," two elephant groups; "Domesticity," a lion group; "Tiger Hunting," and several buffalo groups.

All these artists are not only honest with themselves but with their public, and with less necessity than almost any other class of artists. Every one can judge figure work and landscapes, but there is nothing of which people know so little as of the form and structure of wild animals. For the artist who is serious in his work it is not too much to walk a mile or two every morning for weeks, at a certain hour, to watch a lion feed or see him roar. Nor is the risk of personal danger a deterrent. More than one of these artists has had the coat torn from his back and his work ruined when, absorbed and forgetful of himself, he has

ventured within reach of a tiger's claws or an elephant's trunk.

There is a difference of opinion among these artists as to the necessity of seeing wild animals in their haunts to know them well enough to paint and model them. Mr. Proctor, who was a hunter before he was a sculptor, believes that only one who has known the wild, free life of the mountains and forest as the beasts themselves know it can transmit this spirit to his clay or his canvas as a positive force. On the other hand, those men who have never been hunters believe that careful study of captive animals, supplemented by knowledge gained from explorers and hunters and by their own imaginations, will enable them to picture animals truly, even though they have never shot them. Mr. Gleeson painted animals before he ever saw one in the woods; and now, after several seasons in the Canadian forests and a trip to Africa, he feels almost handicapped by this new relation with his subjects. With Mr. Rungius perhaps more than with the others trips to the wilds are a necessity. Moose, caribou, and wapiti will not live in captivity, and so few students of natural history visit them in their native haunts that facts concerning them are very meager. At first, like Mr. Gleeson, Mr. Rungius felt that perhaps too much knowledge is a dangerous thing. But after repeated trips he began to bring order out of the chaos and to make his new knowledge a part of his own thought and feeling.



TIGER

Painted on a wood panel above the fireplace in a Washington house, by Charles R. Knight





# ETCHINGS

by Madison Cawein

## I MORNING

Her rain-kissed face is fresh as rain,  
Is cool and fresh as a rain-wet leaf;  
She glimmers at my window-pane,  
And all my grief  
Becomes a feeble rushlight, seen no more  
When the gold of her gown sweeps in my door.

## II FOREDOON

Great blurs of woodland waved with wind;  
Gray paths, down which October came,  
That now November's blasts have thinned  
And flecked with fiercer flame,  
Are her delight. She loves to lie  
Regarding with a gray-blue eye  
The far-off hills that hold the sky:  
And I—I lie and gaze with her  
Beyond the autumn woods and ways  
Into the hope of coming days,  
The spring, that nothing shall deter,  
That puts my soul in unison  
With what's to do and what is done.

J. COINACHER  
1907



### III NOON

Wild grapes that purple through  
 Leaves that are golden ;  
 Brush-fires that pillar blue  
 Woods, that, enfolden  
 Deep in the haze of dreams,  
 In resignation  
 Give themselves up, it seems,  
 To divination :  
 Woods that, ablaze with oak,  
 That the crow grew in,  
 Gaze through the brushwood smoke  
 On their own ruin,  
 And on the countenance of Death who stalks  
 Amid their miles,  
 While to himself he talks  
 And smiles ;  
 Where, in their midst, Noon sits and holds  
 Communion with their grays and golds,  
 Transforming with her rays their golds and grays,  
 And in my heart the memory of dead days.

### IV AFTERNOON

Wrought-iron hues of blood and bronze,  
 Like some wild dawn's,  
 Make fierce each leafy spire  
 Of blackberry brier,  
 Where, through their thorny fire,  
 She goes, the Afternoon, from wood to wood,  
 From crest to oak-crowned crest  
 Of the high hill-lands, where the Morning stood  
 With rosy-ribboned breast.  
 Along the hills she takes the tangled path  
 Unto the quiet close of day,  
 Musing on what a lovely death she hath—  
 The unearthly golden beryl far away  
 Banding the gradual west,  
 Seen through cathedral columns of the pines  
 And minster naves of woodlands arched with vines ;  
 The golden couch, spread of the setting sun,  
 For her to lie, and me to gaze, upon.



## V EVENING

The winds awake,  
 And, whispering, shake  
 The aster-flower whose doom is sealed;  
 The sumach-bloom  
 Bows down its plume;  
 And—blossom-Bayard of the field—  
 The chicory stout  
 To the winds' wild rout  
 Lifts up its ragged shield.  
 Low in the west the Evening shows  
 A ridge of rose;  
 And, stepping earthward from the hills,  
 Where'er she goes  
 The cricket wakes, and all the silence spills  
 With reed-like music shaken from the weeds:  
 She takes my hand  
 And leads  
 Softly my soul into the Fairyland,  
 The wonder-world of gold and chrysolite  
 She builds there at the haunted edge of night.

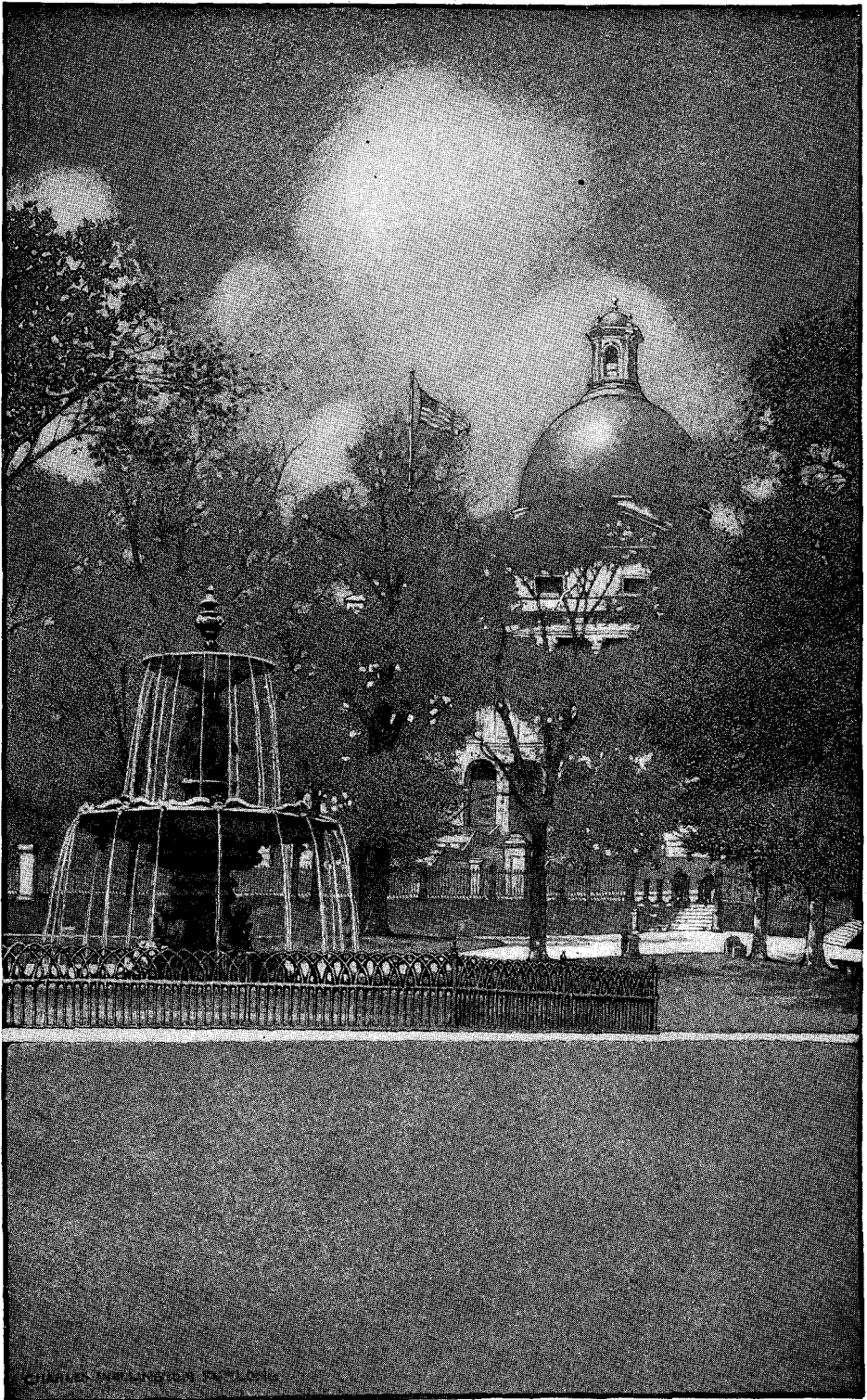
## VI NIGHT

Autumn woods the winds tramp down,  
 Sowing acorns left and right,  
 Where, in rainy raiment, Night  
 Tiptoes, rustling wild her gown  
 Dripping in the moon's pale light,  
 In the moonlight wan that hurries,  
 Trailing now a robe of cloud,  
 Now of glimmer, ghostly-browed,  
 Through the leaves whose wildness skurries,  
 And whose tatters swirl and swarm  
 Round her in her stormy starkness;  
 She who takes my heart that leaps,  
 That exults, and onward sweeps,  
 Like a red leaf in the darkness  
 And the tumult of the storm.



J. CONACHER





THE STATE HOUSE

"What Dr. Holmes audaciously called 'The hub of the solar system'"

# TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

*"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been  
and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"*

FOURTH PAPER

## Massachusetts

IT has been said already in these papers that if you want to know anything you had better go and see it yourself. That is their text. Personal presence moves the world, as my dear old friend Eli Thayer either said or did not say. I have always referred the remark to him because he lived up to the principle. This is true, that you remember what you have seen as you do not remember what you hear, as I think Horace says before me.

So it is that I shall find myself advising this Gentle Reader to see Massachusetts as I have seen it. It is as a spider living on the hub of his wheel adventures out upon this spoke, upon that, or upon another. Here am I, born on the slope of Beacon Hill, if you please; as old writers would have said, "as the roadway goes down from Shelburne's to the water." Now just above the place where I was born, not half a quarter of a mile away, is the State House of Massachusetts, with a gold pineapple upon the top. This is what Dr. Holmes audaciously called the "hub of the solar system," and the Boston people to this hour chuckle because he said it, thinking in their own hearts, dear souls, that it is true.

What is curious is that by great good fortune the Capitol of Massachusetts is so placed that within five miles of this pineapple is the statistical center, census after census, of the population of the

State. There are so many more people in those great manufacturing towns which have to keep in close touch with the seaboard that when the statistical people do their best to find a mathematical center for all these hundreds of thousands, it proves that the State House has put itself within a few miles of that center.

For me, since in this chapter I am to talk more or less about myself, birth in Boston meant Radiation in one direction or another. My father saw very soon that the great canal system of New York and the States to the south and westward could not be made to work in New England, though many people thought it could. He "caught on" to the railway system invented in England, and while people thought he was crazy, he foresaw the lines of it in his own State. It must have been in 1826 that as I sat, a little boy four years old, on a little yellow box provided for me in his "chaise," he took my mother out with her little boy sitting thus at their feet, and we came to the line of the Quincy Railway, the first railway built in the United States. He gave her the reins; he alighted from the chaise; he struck the flat iron rail with his foot to see how closely it was spiked on the timber below; he returned into the chaise and explained to me what the railway was. This is one of the first memories of my life.

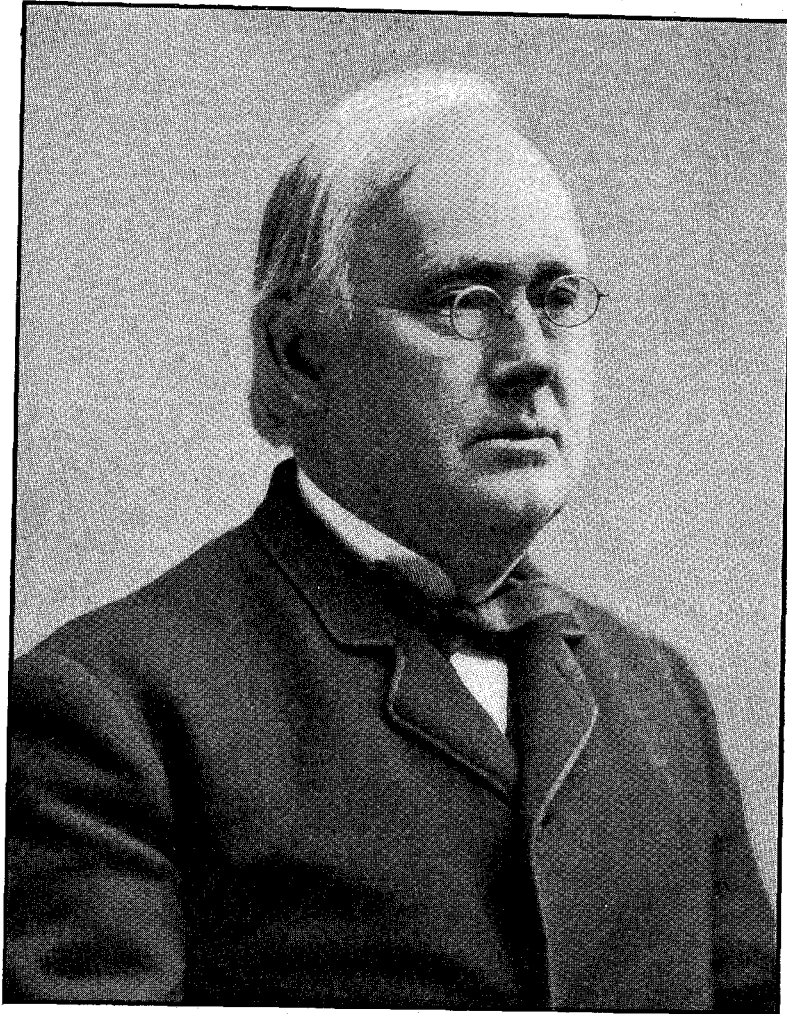
From that time nearly to his death

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1905, by the Outlook Company.



problems of engineering occupied him as they referred to railroads or to water supply. When I write my successful novel, and The Outlook relieves its bank account by sending me a check for half a year's royalties, I am going to ask Macmonnies to make an equestrian statue of

and as they went westward, I and my older brother Nathan, who explained all things in life to me, were apt to be out with the parties of engineers anywhere between Boston and Worcester. Among other things, those years meant for us and my two sisters that we used to color



GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

"Go to Worcester, and they will tell you where Senator Hoar lived"

my father with his binocular in his hand. This statue is to be placed without other pedestal on a rock which is half porphyry, in Wellesley, Massachusetts. For this rock parts the Boston and Worcester Railroad, which he built, from the great Cochituate water-pipes, which he laid there to give life to Boston.

As the surveys for the railroad began,

maps of eastern Massachusetts so that the townships might be clearly distinguished.

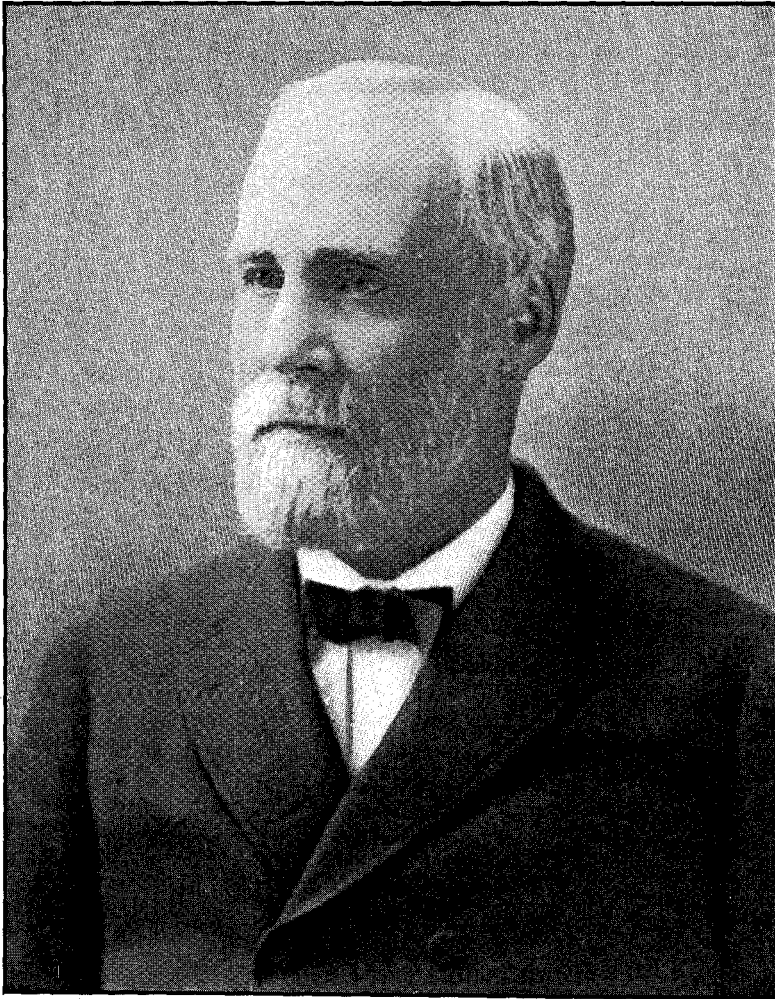
In that household we were a unit; where one went all went, and so the year I was four years old we all went down Cape Cod. A year or two afterwards, in a great open barouche, we all circumnavigated Cape Ann, Fullum driv-



ing with the assistance of myself and my brother. One of those hot summers we went on the canal-boat General Sullivan to Lowell, taking only a day for the journey, which now requires forty-five minutes. On that day I saw my first tadpole. Joy of joys, in just such a ba-

the other day that a man had been in every township of Massachusetts, I wondered whether I had not been in every township of Massachusetts, not on a bicycle, as he went, but mostly in these earlier expeditions.

I first settled down in life in Worces-



HENRY LAURENS DAWES

"Here was one man who understood the Indian problem"

rouche, as soon as the school vacation came round, every year if possible, we were all taken to the family altar at Westhampton, where my father was born, a journey of nearly three days, the route varying as he liked to trace one valley or another. So soon as railroads were built of course we went everywhere upon them. And so it is that when I read

ter, which with good reason calls itself the heart of the Commonwealth. The seal of the city is a heart, because the people there are fond of this name. Now, Worcester is another excellent radiating point. You can take your friend in your buggy early in an afternoon, and you can cross waters which flow into the Merrimac on the north, into Narragan-



A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN

"Massachusetts pays for her breadstuffs with the fish she draws out of the sea"

sett Bay and the Thames River on the south, into the Connecticut on the west, and return to your Worcester home before supper.

The old township system of New England holds. There is great pride in almost every one of these little commonwealths, more than three hundred in number. They have great pride in their locality. No one can do them more good than by nursing this pride and trying to make it eternal. Go to Westboro, and they will tell you that Eli Whitney was born here, who revolutionized the industries of America. Go to Northampton, where they will tell you that Jonathan Edwards preached there, and will or will not tell you that they turned him out. Go to Springfield, and you will hear that Springfield is the place where the National Government revolutionized the business of the manufacture of small arms. Go to Quincy, and, besides the railway described above, they will show you the birthplace of John Adams, who practically wrote the Con-

stitutions of almost all the old Thirteen States. His home was called Braintree then. Go to Amesbury; it was Whittier's home. Go down the river to Byfield, and here was the first woolen manufacture in America. Go to Cambridge, and you see the statue of the first printer. Go to Williamstown, and here was Mark Hopkins's slab throne, as Garfield described it. Go to Easton, they will tell you that their axes are in the hands of men blacker than any you ever saw, under the equator in Africa. Go to Nantucket, and they say that Burke was talking about them when he told the House of Commons whom he envied. Go to Sheffield, and they say Orville Dewey was born here. Go to Pittsfield, and they say Henry Dawes lived here. Go to Sturbridge, and they say here was the first mine wrought in the United States, which has been kept in operation until now. Go to Gloucester, and they say Massachusetts pays for her breadstuffs with the fish she draws out of the sea. Plymouth, Con-



cord, Lexington, Bunker Hill—Mr. Webster says the world knows the history by heart. Go to Worcester, and they will tell you where Senator Hoar lived. Go to Wrentham, Helen Keller lives there. Go to Natick or Newton, and in each of those towns people will tell you that John Eliot first preached to the Indians there. Go to Marshfield, and it is where Daniel Webster lived and died. Go to Beverly, here was the first cotton manufacture in America. Go to Newburyport, John Lowell lived here, the great Emancipator. Go to Concord, and hear about Emerson and Hawthorne. And so on

and so on, with many other places and men.

Now let us recollect all along this charming local pride. It is the best thing in Massachusetts, and you want to find it wherever you can. Here are good instances of it. In the beginning, the town of Paxton, up in the Worcester hills, held a town meeting in which they declared war against King George; and if at this moment the town of Reading chooses to say that the Widow Dorcas in her home shall have better water than the President has in the White House, and that her sitting-room



PICKING CRANBERRIES

"The cranberry plantations have proved even more profitable than the deep-sea fisheries of the Cape"



shall be better lighted at Christmas than this room in which I write, why, the town of Reading lays the pipes and the town of Reading makes the electricity, and asks the permission or the help of nobody this side of Our Father, with whom she works in such exigencies.

When I went to school, the custom in teaching geography was to begin with the Arctic Regions of America, and work slowly down with the vague hope that some day you would arrive at New Zealand as a sort of Z at the end of the world. But in practice, what with change

disagreeable." These facts, and no others, I think, were impressed upon the youthful mind. It is interesting to me to remember that I never heard of an east wind spoken of till, at the age of eleven, I had to learn this sentence, and I asked at home if this were true. So indifferent are little children to their surroundings.

I was twenty-three years old before I ever saw a wheat-field. Of course I had never seen cotton-fields or rice-fields or sugar plantations. But in college I had made long tramps north, west, and east in studying the flora of Middlesex and



JOHN ELIOT

"Go to Natick or Newton, and in each of those towns people will tell you that John Eliot first preached to the Indians there"

of masters and of text-books, you were forever beginning with Greenland, reading about the sea seen by Mackenzie and the seas seen by Mr. Hearne, and probably never traveled far beyond the United States. I think I never studied at school any geography of Asia or of Africa, and I will say in a whisper that it has made no difference whether I ever did or did not. But we did advance in my boyhood so far as to be taught that Massachusetts was "celebrated for its fisheries, and for the part she had in the Revolution." It was also stated that the climate was good, but that "in the spring easterly winds arise which are very

Essex Counties, and a healthy interest in botany, instilled by my dear mother when I was very young, had given a half-scientific interest to such expeditions. At the end of my freshman year I and my brother took a long expedition on foot to see for ourselves the locality of the curious Berlin macle, a crystal, I suppose it would be called, which exists nowhere else in the world. From that hour to this I have been telling my young friends that the true way to travel is to travel on foot. Next best to this is a horseback ride; next to this is a journey on a canal. It is only far down in the scale that you come to carriages and

stage-coaches, and to bicycles and automobiles let us hope never. Wise Elizabeth says that we do not take an automobile, because "our object is not to get to this place or that place, but to see what happens as we go."

I was very much laughed at among my near friends a generation ago for saying, in a little guide-book which I wrote for New England travelers, that the best way to go from Providence to Newport is a voyage in a friend's yacht. I still hold to that instruction, though it may give one a slightly exaggerated sense of the resources of the country. Thus, the first time I ever went along the Cape, my cosmopolitan friend, Mr. Freeman Cobb, took me with his four-in-hand barouche over the admirable highroads of Cape Cod. We were deprived by accident of the company of a very distinguished French traveler who was "doing" America. And I have delighted myself ever since with imagining what his description of Cape Cod would have been if he had gone with us on that day's outing. For I am afraid from that time to this time no four-in-hand has been driven over those sands, certainly none by a more accomplished or agreeable guide.

Of course the Gentle Reader may begin where he likes. I should not be sorry if, hiring a cottage at Nahant or Marblehead Neck or on the Beverly Shore, quite early in June, he made William and Edward, if those were the names of his groomsmen, keep up the horses in good condition till Thanksgiving time, and from these centers if he and Madam and the older children made excursions, a week at a time, into the different regions of Massachusetts. But possibly the horses may be sick with some epizootic disease—possibly William and Edward may have returned for the summer to visit Tipperary or Rügen, and we may need the trolley, steamboat, or, best of all, our good feet. In that case, Boston is still the best center. It is an excellent watering-place. There is my own treatise on Picturesque Massachusetts, which might lie on the table. And if it were only a trolley, there are trolley rides by which this reader may sweep what is well-nigh a circle of fifty miles

radius. For the Massachusetts Bay, which takes in a segment of perhaps a quarter of this circle, we will rely on the Othniel or Jathniel or any other of the steam yachts of our friends, or, in a more democratic fashion, we will rely on the daily excursion steamer. For a last resort, at least we can invest five cents in a street-car, and go to the South Boston public baths or to Governor's Island.

You may cut out the list of towns already given, and go to each and all. But to try geographical order, what we really want to see, ranging from north to south, are, first, the towns north of the Merrimac to which we owe the name, now National, of the "Gerrymander." Under Governor Gerry's reign in 1811 this string of towns made the neck of the monster Gerrymander who has gobbled up so many majorities in all parts of the country between that time and this. In Newburyport, at the mouth of the river, the fighting frigates of the Revolution were built. Think of their names—the Marino Falieri, the Protector, the Tyrannicide, the Oliver Cromwell. We knew something of history then. And you must see the river. Take care to take the steamer at Haverhill some day and spend one of the pleasantest days of your life in sailing down the Merrimac to Newburyport. You will have an intelligent captain who will tell you of everything from the eagles in the sky to the shad in the river. The first woolen manufacture, the first cotton manufacture, first caterpillar bridge, first Bill of Rights, origin of the Longfellow,—if anybody cares, of the Hales, certainly of the Lowells and the Parsons and all the rest of the Essex Junto, if anybody cares for history. If you believe that the manufacture of cotton is the one great object for which God made the world, as the old Economists seemed to think, go to Lowell and Lawrence, and delight in the conversation of those very spirited and intelligent manufacturers. Or is it wars and rumors of wars? Go to Lexington and Concord, or see at Salem where the first blood of the Revolution was drawn, or at Arlington, where a black man commanded a company of exempts to whom we owe our first victory. Give a day to Marblehead, where you can

still find some old salts who will talk to you of the Constitution frigate, or you might go down to the North End Park in Boston and board her.

Harvard College? You have heard, perhaps, of that. Go and see it; tell them you read in *The Outlook* that there was such a place, and you thought you would like to compare it with your own college at New Padua. You could not spend a week more pleasantly than I spent one once on the Great Brewster Island. The rest of the world knew that Napoleon III. was a prisoner of state thirty-six hours before I did. But I do not see but that I am as happy now as I was then for all that.

Do you want to see them build iron-clads? Go to Fore River. Or will you shed tears over the first winter in Plymouth? Shed them at the burying-place, which is very like what it was then. Is it ropes and cordage? Take a trolley from the burial-place and learn all about that. Or where I fired my first gun? Sandwich.

Recollect now, if you please, that you have come to the Old Colony—three counties, Plymouth, Bristol, and Barnstable. And in those counties, from the time when old John Robinson said, "There is more light and more truth yet to come out of God's Holy Word," there has been more freedom in religion—let one say, reverently, more persons have enjoyed easy access from the child to our Father who is in heaven—than in any other region of the same population in the world into which his kingdom is to come.

In saying this, I hope the imaginary student whom I am leading will spend time enough on Cape Cod. The last time I visited its capital, Barnstable, I asked my wife if she had ever gone into a jail. It proved that she never had, and I took her into the jail of this county—what in New England we call the County House, because it is both jail and house of correction and the residence of the keeper. We had the pleasure of seeing the accomplished keeper and his friendly wife and the cells of the jail, but there were no prisoners there. I tried afterwards to make the clergyman of the place (he would be called bishop if ours were an effete civilization)

describe the social influences which led to such a result. But he said the thing was a matter of course—there could be no interest in any such discussion. He said I had better write the book myself, which I have never had time to do.

In our day you can take an excellent train to Provincetown, and you can stop and see the cranberry plantations which have proved even more profitable than the deep-sea fisheries of the Cape. You may hear traditions upon traditions of the wreck of the Quidah pirate and of the Somerset man-of-war. You will find a little odd remnant of the recollections of the fisheries and privateering. You will come back glad that you have been to Cape Cod, and sorry that you cannot stay there longer.

Another good center would be Worcester, "the heart of the Commonwealth," as I said just now. An Englishman named Samuel Slater, in what is now Pawtucket in Rhode Island, really established the cotton manufacture of America. In time the Cabots were before him at Beverly. Slater came up to Worcester one day, it must have been in the thirties of the last century, and young Pliny Merrick said to him, "We shall never have any large factories in Worcester, because we have but little water-power here." Mr. Slater replied: "Mr. Merrick, you will live to see the day when Worcester needs all the water in its Mill Brook to feed the steam-engines which will be running in this valley." His prophecy was long since true, for they had to build the great reservoir up in their hills to feed their steam-engines, the locomotives among the rest.

I have said twenty times, in print and elsewhere, that Worcester, which was once my home, is a Western town in the heart of New England; and this is still true. Here are the old New England dignities, even conventionalities and etiquettes, and here is the "run-with-the-machine" and "get-out-of-the-way-boy" of a great Western city. I do not think they know themselves how many nationalities are here. I do not say how many Swedish churches there are, because they will build another while I am reading the proof. Armenians? Yes! French Canadians? Oh, yes, of course.



And so on and so on. But still the old sturdy Worcester of Isaiah Thomas, when after the Battle of Lexington he put his printing-press and his types into wagons in Boston, and, arriving three or four days after, printed the Massachusetts "Spy" in Worcester, which he and his have printed from that day to this year. Ah! there were many of the anti-slavery years when the "Spy" was as another gospel to these Worcester County farmers.

You must let me stop, Mr. Editor, for a minute, to tell how the town came to be named Worcester. Governor Andros, whom we all hated because he was James the Second's man, had to order a session of the General Court of Massachusetts. So they came together and they meant to do something before he prorogued them, as they knew he would do. What would be a good thing to do? Why, here is a petition from some settlers by Lake Quinsigamond who want to be made a township. Yes, we will charter them. And so we will show King James that we can create a town. And what shall we name the town? We will name it Worcester, because with Worcester in England Charles II. got his worst thrashing, and ran away as fast as his horse would carry him, for his exile of nine years. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it. There is a good deal of that sort of Worcester left. It is to Worcester that Carroll Wright has been called to manage the academic college in Clark University, which Stanley Hall launched and directs. And from Worcester, if you look at any map of that county, you will see that there extend six spider-webs of railroads, which will take you anywhere. It is the Worcester from which dear Senator Hoar started when he went to Washington.

When I lived in Worcester, we used to laugh about the street corner below Brinley Hall. We used to say that if the Chief Justice of the United States died, a few of the Worcester men would get together on that corner and determine who was his proper successor from the leaders of the County Bar. Dr. Samuel Haven, one of our modest students of history, used to have his joke in saying that Timothy Ruggles, of

Worcester County, would have been the proper military chief in the Revolution, if by misfortune he had not been a Tory attached to King George. To this hour those Worcester County people have a fashion of thinking a good deal for themselves. It was my business in 1888, analyzing the vote of Worcester County after the election of the younger Harrison, to find, to the confusion of people who distrust universal suffrage and think we ought to have a property qualification, and all that, the somewhat interesting fact that there were more landholders in the territorial boundary of the city of Worcester than there were voters in that critical election. A young fellow walks into a bank parlor in Worcester, shows them his new invention in wood or in horse-hair, in wool, in ivory, in steel, or in copper, and the Worcester banker sees that the young fellow does not drink, nor play cards, nor swear, and he gives him a discount because he was born in Worcester County. And then the young fellow goes away, and before you have done with him he is in business correspondence with the Sultan of some unexplored region in Central Africa. This was the Worcester of my time, and I fancy it is the Worcester of to-day. In my time there was not a manufacturing corporation in the city. Every man made his own invention, took out his own patent, drove his own steam-engine, and made his own fortune.

Another charming center is farther west at Pittsfield. Here, again, two lines of railway cross each other. Here are some of the most intelligent and charming people in the world. And here they have been since the place was called Wendellboro, and Dr. Holmes's ancestors lived here. You may go north to Greylock, determined to send your son to Williams College; you may go south down the valley of the Housatonic, and make a call on Asaph Hall, the great astronomer, as he lives among the shadows of the hills. Here lived and here died our honored friend Henry Laurens Dawes, who maintained the good name of Massachusetts so long in the Senate at Washington. Here was one man who understood the Indian problem, and while he held the reins nobody

talked of dishonor in our dealings with the Indians. The story is told of Charles Sumner that he said of supposed corruption in Washington that nobody had ever approached him with a dishonorable proposal. We Massachusetts people boast that from his day to our day that story could be applied to either of our Senators. Just before he died Mr. Dawes had delivered a few lectures at Dartmouth College, and perhaps Williams College, on matters connected with government. What a pity that he could not have lived for a generation more, if it were only to give us such results of his experience!

I will not send this sheet away till I have said to any young traveler that I have found it a good practice wherever I journey to see the people who make the laws of a country. I never go to London but I ask them at our Legation to give me what passes they can into the gallery of the House of Commons, and I sit there night after night to see how England is governed. In the same way I have sat hours in the gallery of the Chambers at Paris and in the elegant gallery of the Parliament of Spain. In traveling in America I always try to go into the State Capitol, wherever it is, and see their methods. You get a great deal more than mere information as to legislative customs and laws; you see a great deal of the character of the people. So this I say to the intelligent traveler, that in either of these States of which I have been speaking he may get good lessons for himself, be he President, Judge, Senator, or sixteenth assistant in the Auditor's office at Washington, if he will go into the gallery of either State Legislature and see with what dignity and promptness these legislators address themselves to their duties. Just now I am reading Gladstone to see with amazement how well the English Parliament goes on in the hands of five or six hundred gentle-

men in England who take upon themselves the direction of that empire. And I lay down that book with a certain American pride, that when you send two or three hundred men to the State Legislature for a few months, taking them from mill, forge, fishing-boat, counting-room, pulpit, garden, farm, quarry, or whatever other range of life you choose, when you follow them to the House of Representatives or to the Senate of their State, the whole machinery of legislation moves forward with absolute dignity, as if each man were trained in hereditary succession to make laws for his people. So, indeed, each man is, if he have the good luck to be born in New England.

How does Massachusetts show in the Hall of Fame? By hook or by crook, we succeeded, a fair majority of us, in selecting twenty-nine names for Miss Gould's list of heroes. They were to be the names of Americans by birth who had died more than ten years before our selection. Well, out of the twenty-nine, Massachusetts had fourteen, if you will let us count in Channing, Daniel Webster, Beecher, and Asa Gray.

She had John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, Joseph Story, George Peabody, Eli Whitney, Samuel F. B. Morse, Asa Gray, Jonathan Edwards, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Longfellow.

In the picture gallery of Harvard College we have three Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Rutherford B. Hayes, because he was at our Law School. Hayes was born and educated in boyhood in Ohio. Still, these will do for our fame in the hall where for one reason or another, we could not include John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Laurens Dawes, and George Frisbie Hoar. Hall of Fame or not, they are dear to us.

# The Fool of Skeleton Tickle

By Norman Duncan

Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," etc., etc.

WHEN the wheezy little mail-boat rounded the Liar's Tombstone—that gray, immobile head, forever dwelling upon its forgotten tragedy—she "opened" Skeleton Tickle; and this was where the fool was born, and where he lived his life, such as it was, and, in the end, gave it up in uttermost disgust. It was a wretched Newfoundland settlement of the remoter parts, isolated on a stretch of naked coast, itself lying unappreciatively snug beside sheltered water; being but a congregation of stark white cottages and turf huts, builded at haphazard, each aloof from its despairing neighbor, all sticking like lean incrustations to the bare brown hills—habitations of men, to be sure, which elsewhere had surely relieved the besetting dreariness with the grace and color of life, but in this place did not move the gray, unsmiling prospect of rock and water. The day was clammy; a thin, pervasive fog had drenched the whole world, now damp to the touch, dripping to the sight; the wind, out of temper with itself, blew cold and viciously, fretting the sea to a swishing lop, in which the harbor punts, anchored for the day's fishing in the shallows over Lost Men grounds, were tossed and flung about in a fashion vastly nauseating to the beholder. . . . Poor devils of men and boys! Toil for them, dawn to dark; with every reward of labor—love and all the delights of life—changed by the unhappy lot; turned sordid, cheerless, bestial. . . .

"Ha!" interrupted my chance acquaintance, leaning upon the rail with me. "I am ver' good business man. Eh? You not theenk?" There was a saucy challenge in this; it left no escape by way of bored credulity; no man of proper feeling could accept the boast of this ingratiating, frowsy, yellow-eyed Syrian peddler. "Ha!" he proceeded. "You not theenk, eh? But I have tell

you—I—myself! I am thee bes' business man in Newf'un'lan'." He threw back his head; regarded me with pride and mystery, eyes half closed. "No? Come, I tell you! I am thee mos' bes' business man in Newf'un'lan'. Eh? Not so? Ay, I am the ver' mos' bes' business man in all thee worl'. I—Tanous Shiva—I—I!" He struck his breast. "I have be thee man. An' thee mos' fool—thee mos' beeg fool—thee mos' fear-ful beeg fool in all the worl' leeve there. Ay, zur; he have leeve there—dead ahead—t' Skeleton Teekle. You not theenk? Ha! I tell you—I tell you now—a mos' won-dair-ful fun-ee t'ing. You hark? Ver' well. Ha!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands in an ecstasy of delight. "How you will have laugh w'en I tell!" He sobered. "I am now," he said, solemnly, "be-geen. You hark?"

I nodded.

"First," he continued, gravely important, as one who discloses a mystery, "I am tell you thee name of thee beeg fool. James All—his name. Ol' bach. Ver' ol' bach. Ver' rich man. Ho! mos' rich. You not theenk? Ver' well. I am once hear tell he have seven lobster-tin full of gold. Mygod! I am mos' put crazy. Lobster-tin—seven! An' he have half-bushel of silver dollar. How he get it? Ver' well. His gran'father work ver' hard; his father work ver' hard; all thee gold come to this man, an' he work ver', ver' hard. They work fear-ful—in thee gale, in thee cold; they work, work, work, for the gold. Many, many year ago, long time past, thee gold be-geen to have save. It be-geen to have save many year afore I am born. Eh? Fun-ee t'ing! They work, work, work; but I am not work; oh, no; I am leetle baby. They save, save, save; but I am not save; oh, no; I am foolish boy, in Damascus. Ver' well. By-'n'-by I am thee growed man, an' they have fill thee seven lobster-tin with thee gold. For what? Eh? I am tell you what for. Ha!



I am show you I am ver' good business man. I am thee ver' mos' bes' business man in Newf'un'lan'."

My glance, quick, suspicious, was not of the kindest; and it caught his eye.

"You theenk I have get thee gold?" he asked, archly. "You theenk I have get thee seven lobster-tin? . . . Mygod!" he cried, throwing up his hands in genuine horror. "You theenk I have *steal* thee gold? No, no! I am ver' hones' business man. I say my prayer all thee nights. I geeve nine dollar fifty to thee Orth'dox Church in Washin'ton Street in one year. I am thee mos' hones' business man in Newf'un'lan'—an'" (significantly), "I am *ver' good* business man."

His eyes were guileless. . . .

A punt slipped past, bound out, staggering over a rough course to Lost Men grounds; the spray, rising like white dust, drenching the crew. An old man held the sheet and steering-oar. In the bow a scrawny boy bailed the shipped water—both listless, both misshapen and ill clad. Bitter, toilsome, precarious work, this, done by folk impoverished in all things. Seven lobster-tins of gold coin! Three generations of labor and cruel adventure, in gales and frosts and famines, had been consumed in gathering it. How much of weariness? How much of pain? How much of evil? How much of peril, despair, deprivation? And it was true; this alien peddler, the onlooker, had the while been unborn, a babe, a boy, laboring not at all; but by chance, in the end, coming, covetous and sly, within reach of all the fruit of this malforming toil. . . .

"Look!"

I followed the lean brown finger to a spot on a bare hill—a somber splash of black.

"You see? Ver' well. One time he leeve there—this grea' beeg fool. His house it have be burn down. How? Ver' well. I tell you. All people want thee gold. All people—all—all! 'Ha!' theenk a boy. 'I mus' have thee seven lobster-tin of gold. I am want buy thee parasol for 'Liza Hull nex' time thee trader come. I *mus'* have thee gold of

ol' Skip' Jim. If I not, then Sam Tom will have buy thee parasol from Tanous Shiva. 'Liza Hull will have love him an' not me. I *mus'* have 'Liza Hull love me. Oh, theenk he, 'I *mus'* have 'Liza Hull love me! I am not can leeve 'ithout that beeg 'Liza Hull with thee red cheek an' blue eye!' (Ver' poor taste thee men have for thee girl in Newf'un'lan'.) 'Ha!' theenk he. 'I *mus'* have thee gold. I am burn thee house an' get thee gold. Then I have buy thee peenk parasol from Tom Shiva.' Fool! Ver' beeg fool—that boy. Burn thee house? Ver' poor business. Mos' poor. Burn thee house of ol' Skip' Jim? Pooh!"

It seemed to me, too—so did the sly fellow bristle and puff with contempt—that the wretched lad's directness of method was most reprehensible; but I came to my senses later; and I have ever since known that the highwayman was in some sort a worthy fellow.

"Ver' well. For two year I know 'bout thee seven lobster-tin of gold; an' for two year I make thee great frien' along o' Skip' Jim; thee greates' frien'—thee ver' greates' frien'—for I am want thee gold. Aie! I am all thee time stop with Skip' Jim. I am go thee church with Skip' Jim. I am kneel thee prayer with Skip' Jim. (I am ver' good man about thee prayer—ver' good business man.) Skip' Jim he theenk me thee Jew. Pooh! I am not care. I say, 'Oh, yess, Skip' Jim; I am mos' sad about what the Jews done. Bad Jew done that.' 'You good Jew, Tom,' he say; 'I am not hol' you to thee 'count. Oh, no, Tom; you good Jew,' he say. 'You would not do what the bad Jews done.' 'Oh, no, Skip' Jim,' I say; 'I am ver' good man—ver', ver' good man.'"

The peddler was gravely silent for a space.

"I am hones' man," he continued. "I am thee mos' hones' business man in Newf'un'lan'. So I *mus'* have wait for thee gold. Ah," he sighed, "it have be *mos'* hard to wait. I am almos' break thee heart. But I am hones' man—ver', ver' hones' man—an' I *mus'* have wait. Now I tell you what have happen: I am come ashore one night, an' it is thee

nex' night after thee boy have burn thee house of Skip' Jim for the peenk parasol.

"Where Skip' Jim house?" I say.

"Burn down," they say.

"Burn down!" I say. "Oh, my! 'Tis sad. Have thee seven lobster-tin of gold be los'?"

"All spoil," they say.

"I am not theenk what they mean. 'Oh, dear!' I say. 'Where Skip' Jim?"

"You fin' Skip' Jim at the Skip' Bill Tissol's house."

"Oh, my!" I say. "I am mos' sad. I am go geeve thee pit-ee to poor Skip' Jim."

The fog was fast thickening. We had come close to Skeleton Tickle; but the downcast cottages were more remote than they had been—ininitely more isolated.

"Ver' well. I am fin' Skip' Jim. He sit in thee bes' room of thee Skip' Bill Tissol's house. All thee 'lone. God is good! Nobody there. What have I see? Gold! Gold! The heap of gold! The beeg, beeg heap of gold! I am not can tell you!" The man was breathing in gasps; in the pause, his jaw dropped, his yellow eyes were distended. "Ha!" he ejaculated. "So I am thank thee dear, good God I am not come thee too late. Gold! Gold! The heap of gold! I am pray ver' hard to be good business man. I am close the eye an' pray thee good God I am be ver' good business man for one hour. 'Jus' one hour, O my God!' I pray. 'Leave me be ver', ver', good business man for jus' one leet-tle ver' small hour. I am geeve one hun'ed fifty to thee Orth'dox Church in Washin'ton Street, O my God,' I pray, 'if I be mos' ver' good business man for thee one hour!' An' I shake thee head an' look at thee rich ol' Skip' Jim with the ver' mos' awful sad look I am can.

"Oh, Skip' Jim!" I say. "Fear-r-ful! How have your house cotch thee fire?"

"Thee boy of Skip' Elisha," he say.

"Oh, Skip' Jim," I say, "what have you do by thee wicked boy?"

"What have I do?" he say. "He can not have mend thee bad business. What have I do? I am not wish thee hurt to thee poor, poor boy."

"There sit thee beeg fool—thee ver'

beeg fool—thee mos' fearful fool in all thee worl'. Ol' Skip' Jim All—thee beeg fool! There he sit, by thee 'lone; an' the heap of good gold is on thee table; an' the candle is burnin'; an' the beeg white wheesk-air is ver' white an' mos' awful long; an' thee beeg han's is on thee gold, an' thee salt-sores from thee feeshin' is on thee han's; an' thee tear is in thee ol' eyes of ol' Skip' Jim All. So once more I pray thee good God to be made ver' good business man for thee one hour; an' I close thee door ver' tight.

"Oh, Tom Shiva," he say, "I am ruin'!"

"Ver' sad," I say. "Oh, dear!"

"I am ruin'—ruin'!" he say. "Oh, I am ruin'! What have I do?"

"Ver', ver' sad," I say. "Oh, Skip' Jim," I say, "'tis ver' sad!"

"Ruin'!" he say. "I am not be rich no more. I am ver' poor man, Tom Shiva. I am once be rich; but I am not be rich no more."

"I am not know what he mean. 'Not be rich no more?' I say. 'Not be rich no more?'"

"Look!" he say. "Look, Tom Shiva! Thee gold! Thee seven lobster-tin of gold!"

"I am see, Skip' Jim," I say.

"Ah," he say, in thee mos' awful, thee ver' mos' awful, speak, 'it is all spoil'! It is all spoil'! I am ruin'!"

"Then I am pray mos' fearful hard to be ver' good business man for thee one hour. Ver' well. I look at thee gold. Do I know what he have mean? God is good! I do. Ver' well. Thee gold is come out of the fire. What happen? Oh, ver' well! It have be melt. What ver' beeg fool is he! It have be melt. All? No! Thee gold steek together; thee gold melt in two; thee gold be in thee beeg lump; thee gold be damage'. What this fool theenk? Ah! Pooh! This fool theenk thee gold have be all spoil'. Good gold? No, spoil' gold! No good no more. Ruin'? I am ver' good business man. I see what he have mean. Ah, my heart! It jump, it swell, it choke me, it tumble into the belly, it stop; it hurt me mos' awful. I am theenk I die. Thee good God have answer thee prayer. 'O my God,' I

pray once more, 'this man is ver' beeg fool. Make Tanous Shiva good business man. It have be ver', ver' easy t'ing to do, O God!

"'Spoil', Skip' Jim?' I say.

"'All spoil', Tom Shiva,' he say. 'Thee gold no good.'

"'Ver' sad to be ruin', I say. 'Oh, Skip' Jim, ver' sad to be ruin'. I am ver', ver' sad to see you ruin'.'

"'Tom Shiva,' he say, 'you ver' good man.'

"'Skip' Jim,' I say, 'I have love you ver' much.'

"'Oh, Tom Shiva,' the beeg fool say, 'I am thank you ver' hard.'

"'Oh, yess, Skip' Jim,' I say, 'I am love you ver', ver' much.'

"'He shake my han'.

"'I am love you ver' much, Skip' Jim,' I say, 'an' I am ver' good man.'

"'My han' it pinch me ver' sore, Skip' Jim shake it so hard with thee beeg, black han' he have. Thee han' of thee feesherman is ver', ver' beeg, ver' strong. Thee ver' hard work make it ver' beeg an' strong.

"'Skip' Jim,' I say, 'I am poor man. But not ver' poor. I am have leet-tle money. I am wish thee help to you. I am buy the spoil' gold.'

"'Buy thee gold?' he say. 'Oh, Tom Shiva. All spoil'. Look! All melt. Thee gold no good no more.'

"'I am buy thee gold from you,' I say, 'Skip' Jim, my friend.'

"'Ver' good friend, you, Tom Shiva,' he say, 'ver' good friend to me.'

"'I am look at him ver' close. I am theenk what he will take. 'I am geeve you,' I say, 'I am geeve you,' Skip' Jim,' I say—

"Then I stop.

"'What you geeve me for thee spoil' gold?' he say.

"'I am geeve you,' I say, 'for thee spoil' gold an' for thee half-bushel of spoil' silver, I say, 'I am geeve you seventy-five dollar.'

"Then he get ver' good business man. I am see him get ver' good business man in the eye.

"'Oh, no!' he say. 'I am want one hundred dollar.'

"'I shake my head. 'Oh, Skip' Jim!' I say. 'Shame to have treat thee friend

so! I am great friend to you, Skip' Jim,' I say. 'But,' I say, 'business is business. Skip' Jim,' I say, 'let us have pray.'

"What you theenk? What you theenk this ver' beeg fool do? How I laugh inside! 'Let us have pray, Skip' Jim,' I say. What you theenk he do? Eh? Not pray? Ver' religious man, Skip' Jim—ver', ver' religious. Pray? Oh, I know him. Pray? You bet he pray! You ask Skip' Jim to pray, an' he pray—oh, he pray, you bet! 'O God,' he pray, 'I am ver' much 'blige' for Tom Shiva. I am ver' much 'blige' he come to Skeleton Teekle. I am ver' much 'blige' he have thee soft heart. I am ver' much 'blige' you fix thee heart to help poor ol' Skip' Jim. He good Jew, O God. (Pooh! I am Syrian man—not Jew. But I am not tell, for I am ver' good business man.) 'Forgive this poor Tom Shiva, O my dear God!'

"I get ver' tired with thee prayin'. I am ver' good business man. I am want thee gold.

"'Skip' Jim!' I whis-pair. 'Oh, Skip' Jim!' I say. 'Thee bargain! Fix thee bargain with thee dear God.' My heart is ver' mad with thee fear. 'Fix thee bargain with thee good God,' I say. 'Oh, Skip' Jim!' I whis-pair. 'Queek! I am offer seventy-five dollar.'

"Then he get up from thee knee. Ver' obstinate man—ver', ver' obstinate man, this ol' Skip' Jim. He get up from thee knee. What he theenk? Eh? He theenk he ver' good business man. He theenk he beat Tom Shiva by thee sin. Want God? Oh, no! Not want God to know, you bet!

"'I am want one hundred dollar,' he say ver' cross, 'for thee heap of spoil' gold an' silver. Thee God is bus-ee. I am do this business by thee lone. The dear God is ver', ver' bus-ee jus' now. I am not bother him no more.'

"'Ver' well,' I say. 'I am geeve you eighty.'

"'Come,' he say; 'ninety will have do.'

"'Ver' well,' I say. 'You are my friend. I geeve you eighty-five.'

"'Ver' well,' he say. 'I am love you ver' much, Tom Shiva. I take it. Ver' kind of you, Tom Shiva, to buy all thee



spoil' gold an' silver. I am hope you have not lose thee money.'

"I am ver' hones' business man. Eh? What I say? I say I lose thee money? No, no! I am thee ver' mos' hones' business man in Newf'un'lan'. I am too hones' to say thee lie.

"I am take thee risk,' I say. 'You are my friend, Skip' Jim,' I say. 'I am take thee risk. I am geeve you eighty-five dollar for all the spoil' gold an' silver—half cash, half trade. . . . I am have mos' wonderful suit clothes for ver' cheap. . . .'"

And the fool of Skeleton Tickle was left with a suit of shoddy tweed and fifty-seven dollars in unspoiled gold and silver coin; believing that he had overreached the peddler from Damascus and New York; piously thanking God for the opportunity, ascribing glory to him for the success, content that it should be so. . . . And Tanous Shiva departed by the mail-boat, as he had come, with the seven lobster-tins of gold and the half-bushel of silver which three generations had labored to accumulate; and he went south to St. John's, where he converted the spoiled coin into a bank credit of ten thousand dollars, content that it should be so. And thereupon he set out again to trade. . . .

The mail-boat was now riding at anchor within the harbor of Skeleton Tickle. Rain was falling—thin, penetrating, cold, driven by the wind. On the bleak, wet hills the cottages, vague in the mist, cowered in dumb wretchedness, like men of sodden patience, who wait without hope. A punt put out from

shore—came listlessly toward the steamer for the mail. . . .

"Ho! Tom Timms!" the Syrian shouted. "That you, Tom Timms? How Skip' Jim All? How my ol', good friend, Skip' Jim All?"

The boat was under the quarter. Tom Timms shipped his oars, wiped the rain from his whiskers, then looked up—without feeling.

"Dead," he said.

"Dead!" The man turned to me. "I am thank thee, good God," he whispered, reverently, "that I am get thee gold in time." He shuddered. "Oh, my God!" he muttered. "What if I have come thee too late!"

"Ay, dead," Tom Timms repeated. "He sort o' went an' jus' died."

"Oh, dear! How have he come to die? Oh, my poor friend, ol' Skip' Jim! How have he come by thee death?"

"Hanged hisself."

"Hanged hisself! Oh, dear! Why have thee ol' Skip' Jim be so fearful wicked?"

It was an unhappy question.

"Well," Tom Timms answered, in a colorless drawl, "he got a trap-leader when he found out what you done. He just sort o' went an' got a trap-leader an' hanged hisself in the fish-stage—when he found out what you done."

The Syrian glanced at me. I glanced at him. Our eyes met: his were steady, innocent, pitiful; my own shifted to the closing bank of gray fog.

"Business," he sighed, "is business."

The words repeated themselves interminably—a monotonous dirge. Business is business. . . . Business is business. . . . Business is business. . . .



## Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**All About Japan.** By Belle M. Brain. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 231 pages. \$1, net.

Nowadays every one is interested in Japan. People talk familiarly about Dai Nippon (the Sunrise Land), its jinrikishas, its earthquake fish, the politeness of its people, and about the many other physical or popular characteristics which have so vividly impressed themselves upon visitors. People do not talk so familiarly, however, about the early visitors—Marco Polo, Mendez Pinto, and Francis Xavier—or about the rulers of old Japan, its early missions, and its closing to foreigners. These things and many others concerning old and new Japan are entertainingly and instructively treated in this delightful volume. In it we have not only a capital book for little folks but a welcome volume for their elders.

**Asinette: A French Story for English Children.** By Mrs. J. G. Frazer. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 212 pages. \$1.25, net.

Raoul and Marguerite are as mischievous and spontaneous and restful as are any English or American children. One does not have to read the text to discover this. The two hundred pictures are sufficient evidence. But the text is worth any one's reading. While "Asinette" is a story told in French for English children, it should interest children of all ages.

**Business Man's Pocketbook (The).** By International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa. (2d Edition, 85th Thousand, 7th Impression.) International Textbook Co., Scranton, Pa. 3¼×5½ in. 315 pages.

**Earl of Elgin (The).** By George M. Wrong, M.A. Methuen & Co., London, England. 5¼×9 in. 300 pages.

Dean Stanley once said that the Earl of Elgin "witnessed the successful accommodation of a more varied series of novel and entangled situations" than any other statesman of his time. It is not surprising, therefore, that two biographies of Lord Elgin have already appeared. The third, now before us, is more comprehensive, and hence more satisfactory, than either of these. In it we have practically the narration of a large part of British political history from 1847 to 1863, in scenes beyond the British Isles. During those years Lord Elgin spent little time at home. Instead, he occupied important administrative positions abroad. He showed himself an administrator and diplomat of high rank. He was the first Governor-General of Canada (1847-1854) fully to accept the principle of colonial self-government. Under him the Canadian differential duties in favor of Great Britain were repealed and

a reciprocity treaty with the United States was concluded. Secondly, Lord Elgin was the first English ambassador to make his way to Peking (1857). He ratified a treaty there. He was also the first British Ambassador to conclude a treaty with Japan (1858). Then followed his second mission to China, and then the viceroyalty of India. He died at Dhurmsala, high up in the Himalayas (1863). As Lord Elgin's biographer says, surely imperial Britain is at her best when she sends such men to be her proconsuls in distant regions. The present biography should be an inspiration to other proconsuls, not only English but American.

**Expositor's Bible (The). Complete Index, Topical and Textual.** By S. G. Ayres, B.D., and General Preface by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 312 pages.

The valuable work which this Index will make more valuable has been before the public for some years. It is of unique character. First, as to its general design, it undertakes to exhibit each book both in its general teaching and in the specific teaching of its several sections. Next, as to the school of criticism represented, it is composite, some of its volumes representing the older and others, especially in some Old Testament books, the newer school. The present Index is by subjects, texts, and authors quoted; there are, for instance, forty-eight citations from Renan. The accompanying Introductions present an appreciative and discriminating review of the progress and general results of Biblical criticism up to the present time.

**Land of the Rising Sun (The).** By Gregoire de Wollant. Translated from the Russian by the Author, with the Assistance of Madame de Wollant. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 401 pages.

A Russian's estimate of Japan is interesting. It is especially interesting, as in the present case, when it is given by a clever, keen-sighted Russian. With his wife's assistance the author has translated his Russian text into English; hence we feel, in reading it, that the English is exacter and more sympathetic than is the case in many translations. We are first instructed by a survey of Japan's history. This is followed by an even more readable part—a description of personal impressions. Another part has to do with Japan's economical and financial situation, and still another with her internal and foreign policy. We are glad that the treatment of that policy also includes some notice of the diplomatic correspondence precedent to the war. We have confirmation of Baron Komura's instructions to Mr. Kurino, Japanese

Minister to St. Petersburg, that Korea "is the outer outpost in the defense of Japan," and that Russia's indefinite occupation of Manchuria was inspiring the gravest apprehension as to her ultimate intention regarding Korea. But how, inquires the author, could the occupation of Manchuria by Russia endanger Japan's existence? "When has it occurred that an insular power of such force as Japan was in danger of being conquered by a continental power? A genius like Napoleon desisted from attacking England, although he had one of the most powerful armies the world has ever known and he had only to cross the Channel." The author denies that Korea was occupied by Russia. How about the Russian Yalu Trading Company's lands? He confirms the statement that Russia demanded previous notice of any despatch of Japanese troops to Korea, and refused to permit Japan to use any part of Korea for strategical purposes. In declaring that through all Baron Komura's diplomatic correspondence Japan manifested an intention of securing and maintaining for all time a control over Korea amounting to annexation, he also charges that the Japanese manifested a wish to exert the same kind of influence in Manchuria. This, we think, cannot be proved. That Korea, not Manchuria, was the real bone of contention is shown by the statement that Russia "could not allow Japan to be master of Korea, build fortresses in that country, and use Korea as a fortified camp, as that would mean a constant menace, not only to Manchuria, but to the Amur province." By a treaty signed since this book was written that "menace" has become an accomplished fact, and is accompanied by two others—Japan's occupation of parts of the Liaotung peninsula and the island of Saghalien.

**Life More Abundant: Scriptural Truth in Modern Application.** By Henry Wood. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Mr. Wood's intent in this his latest volume is the recovery of the Bible from the mishandling to which the literalism both of believers and skeptics has subjected it, and the exhibition of its spiritual truths in order to a larger realization of spiritual life. The successive chapters cover all the main points of recent theological and critical discussions. The fundamental thoughts are these: Spirit is the great reality; the world is divine, as the embodiment of the Universal Life; life is a continual renewing and creating; the latent and legitimate powers of the soul have hardly begun to be discerned; a living faith, conscious of God, is the crying need of our time; the essential Christ is the divine-human ideal, eternal, supremely embodied in Jesus. The supernatural is the higher zone of nature, the spiritual as above the physical; the miraculous is a relative term dependent on the

vision of the beholder; among the health-giving forces available by us the "prayer of faith" has a legitimate place that needs to be better recognized than now. The constructive aim is apparent throughout. Written for intelligent laymen, whether believing or doubting the essential truths of Christianity, it appeals to spiritual instincts with a clearness and cogency in the setting forth of spiritual truth which tends to the resolving of doubt and the confirming of faith.

**Russia and Its Crisis.** By Paul Milyoukov. Portrait. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½×8½ in. 589 pages. \$3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Self-Control: Its Kingship and Majesty.** By William George Jordan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 192 pages. \$1, net.

**Things as They Are: Mission Work in Southern India.** By Amy Wilson Carmichael. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages. \$1.

**Tratado de Sociología.** Por Eugenio M. de Hostos. Bailly-Bailliere é Hijos. Madrid. 4½×7 in. 272 pages.

The Spanish professor's treatise on sociology comprises both the inductive and deductive methods. He discusses first theoretic sociology; next, expositive sociology. This is succeeded by a recapitulation and by an interesting application of sociology to politics, economy, art, science, philosophy, and religion. Professor de Hostos declares the individualistic theory to have appeared in all social sciences—economy, politics, jurisprudence, morals; it induces one to believe that the individual is all in society and that society is nothing save in so far as it is for the individual. The author further declares that the individualistic theory is not considered historically other than as a reaction against the socialistic theory, or, better, against the practice of that theory. As diametrically opposed to the individualistic, the socialistic theory affirms the contrary. For it society is everything; the individual is nothing. The author cleverly places beside these exclusive theories the more judicially-minded and judicious theory of Auguste Comte, the sociocratical theory, by which the French philosopher attempted to unite society and the individual into a common working plan for the benefit of both.

**Valkyries (The): A Romance Founded on Wagner's Opera.** By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 259 pages. \$2.

This volume is superbly printed, as becomes its text. Mr. Benson calls his text "halting" and "homely." It does not deserve these adjectives. Sonorous and powerful with passion, it breathes only the spirit of genuine and spontaneous poetry. Even Wagner's monumental text hardly describes better those elemental forces which underlay the love of Siegmund and Sieglinde.



## Correspondence

*Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Are the Peace Terms Just to Japan?

[Our readers will be interested in these two excerpts from private letters bearing on the question indicated in the title above. It will be noticed that while both correspondents are especially well informed on this subject, they arrive at opposite conclusions. —THE EDITORS.]

I fear that the American influence, which was so severely used in urging the Japanese to accept such meager terms, will to some extent cause the undoing of the fine friendship between Japan, America, and England. There are a great many people, I find, who fear we did too much, or that somebody did too much (perhaps the President), in urging Japan to capitulate. The protest from the Japanese people is no surprise to me, and I find that my views are shared in this matter by a great many people, including some of our most thoughtful men. I fear that the peace will not be very lasting, as the terms leave so much for Russia to question in the future. Please do not think me a pessimist. I know that you like to have all points of view. No doubt the atmosphere of Portsmouth was pro Peace and pro Roosevelt. That is not the condition here in this case. I think President Roosevelt is one of the greatest characters and most capable men that we have ever had in the White House, but he has in this case secured considerable glory at the expense of Japan.

\* \* \*

As a warm friend of Japan and its interesting people, I cannot but feel that they concluded a very honorable and wise peace. To have continued the war, after gaining all that they went into it for, to gain gold, would not alone have been unwise, but the sentiment of their friends and admirers in Europe and America might have been turned against them.

\* \*

### Lightning-Rods

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

In your number of September 2 Dr. J. M. Whiton refers to the present scarcity of lightning-rod men. In the West this is largely due to the swindling methods pursued by many lightning-rod men, who require the signing of an ambiguous contract, under which the farmer thinks he is to pay but five or ten dollars, but which, considered in another light, requires him to pay one or two hundred dollars. "Entire work" a farmer supposes to mean the whole bill, but is forced

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to pay, in addition, fabulous prices for material, or stand a lawsuit. Most of them pay the bill. A few compromise. What ought to be done is to enlighten the public as to the methods used by the railroads at their station buildings in protecting their operators. The telegraph wires especially expose an operator, as a bolt of lightning striking a long distance away may be carried on the wires to the operator. To protect from this danger, all the railroads in the West (and I presume also in the East) have a ground wire on the first telegraph pole, each side of the station, running about two inches above the pole and going down the pole about five feet into the ground. This wire passes near enough to the telegraph wires so that a bolt of lightning coming towards the station will jump the short distance between the telegraph wire and the ground wire, so as to get a short connection to the ground, and does not go on into the station at all. If a No. 9 galvanized fence wire, put on with common fence staples, protects a telegraph office with so many wires running into it, any farmer, by the expenditure of a dollar or so for wire and staples, and a few hours' time, can adequately protect all the buildings on his place, and save expense and fussing with lightning-rod men. Some of the lightning-rod men will doubtless tell him that this statement is not true; but any railroad telegraph operator will tell him that it can be depended upon. J. H.

Ottawa, Kansas.

### Help for Lepers

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

In Summer Vesper Sermons, VIII., "Saved by a Touch," Dr. Abbott says: "I believe that this touch of the leper was the natural expression of Christ's sympathy." Just this is what has accomplished so much among the outcast lepers of Surinam, who live so happily at Groote Chatillon. The Rev. Henry T. Weiss—a Moravian missionary—Mrs. Weiss, and the four Moravian deaconess sisters live among the lepers, care for them, and daily wash and bind up their wounds. They do not shrink from touching them, as they needs must do, to relieve the lepers of their sufferings. Mr. Weiss is in this country at present, as \$20,000 are needed to open a second leper asylum. Kindly write to Miss Anna E. Scott, the Secretary of the Bethesda Leper Home Society of the United States, 357 Pennsylvania Street, Buffalo, New York, for full particulars.

H. T. FRUEAUFF.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.